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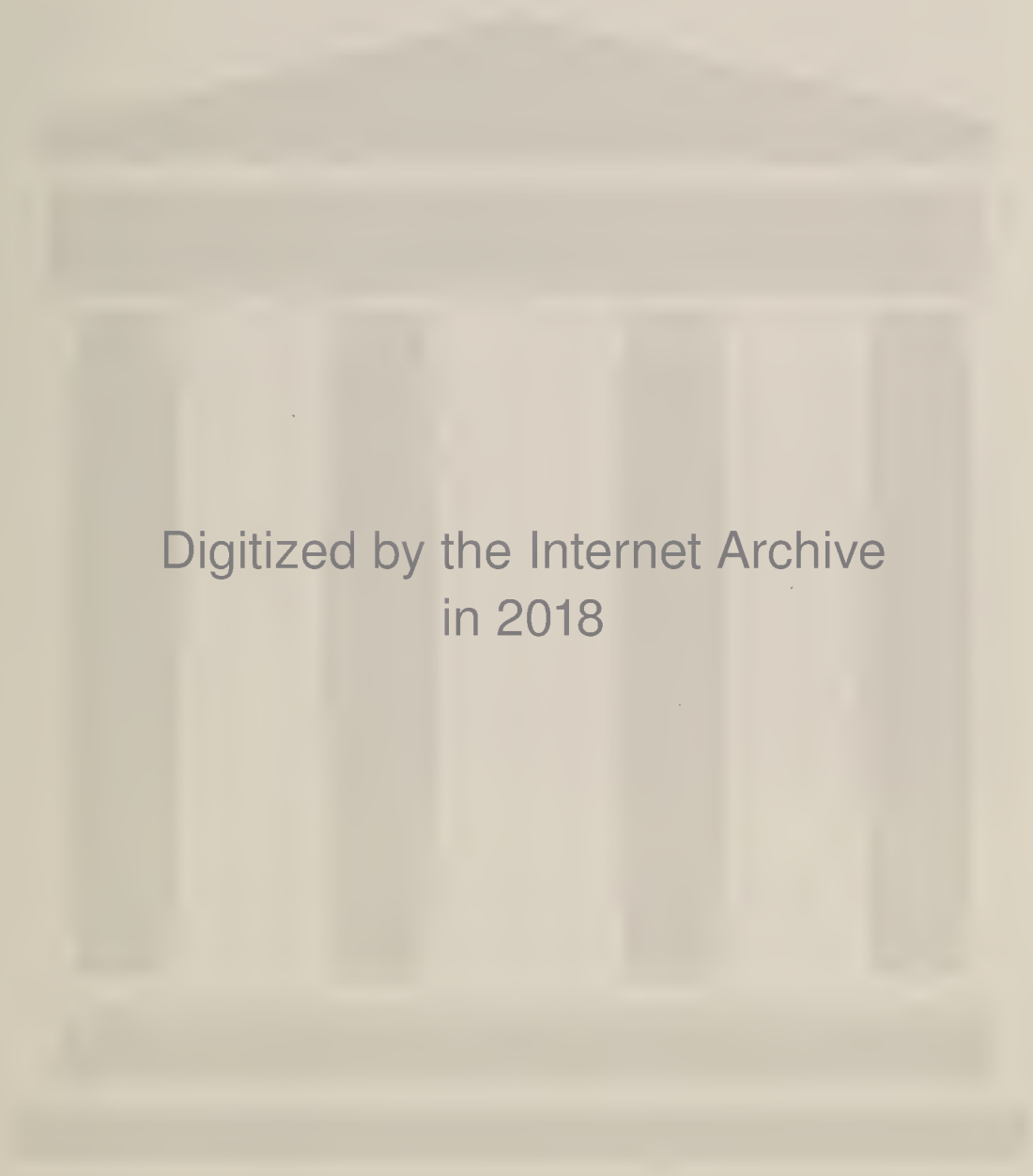
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Reverend Hiram Whitney Gilbert (1809-1889)
his wife, Catherine, and grandson, Donald

MEMOIRS REGARDING THE FAMILY OF JOHN GILBERT (1752 - 1829)

OF GALWAY, SARATOGA COUNTY, N. Y.

BY

THE REVEREND HIRAM WHITNEY GILBERT

1886

Typed Rendering From The Original Notebook By

His Grandson

The Reverend Charles H. Gilbert of Maine, N. Y.

1955

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BIOGRAPHICAL MATERIAL COMPILED BY
REV. CHARLES H. GILBERT, grandson of the Rev. Hiram Gilbert.

From all records Hiram Whitney Gilbert was born in Galway N.Y. on August 22, 1809, the youngest child of John Gilbert by his third wife . John Gilbert was a veteran of the Revolutionary war. Some stories of John Gilbert are contained in the memoirs written about him by his son Hiram.

After graduating from Fairfield Academy Hiram attended Union College in Schenedtady and was graduated from there after much hardship in 1837. In 1840 he was graduated from Auburn Theological Seminary. An account of his college and Theological Seminary days, and his interest in astronomy, and also some account of his courtship and marriage were written down by his daughter Mrs. Catharine Bruce and is included in this biography.

A summary of dates of the outstanding milestones in his life as here given.

He joined the Presbyterian church at the age of 19.

He married Miss Pease following his graduation from Theological Seminary and accepting the pastorate of the Presbyterian Church of Windsor N.Y. The Presbyterian Church in Windsor had divided into Old School and New School on the lines of slavery which had also divided the General Assembly. Hiram Gilbert became the pastor of the New School group and a new building was built in 1842. From an account in the 155th Anniversary story of the Windsor Presbyterian Church there is this paragraph: "The present church was dedicated on Oct. 11, 1842 during the pastorate of Mr. Gilbert who with his lovely wife was greatly admired by all who knew them." The two groups were reunited in 1852.

In 1854 and until 1860 he was the pastor of the Greene Congregational Church which at that time was associated with the Chenango Presbytery.

From there he went to Binghamton where he worked for a time for the American Bible and Tract Society. In 1865 he reentered the pastorate and took a church in Long Ridge Conn.

In Jan.1869 he went to the Congregational church in Peru Mass.

In Nov. 1874 he retired from the active ministry to live on his small ten acre farm in Binghamton where he died on Feb. 3 1889.

ACCOUNT OF THE COMING OF THE REV. HIRAM W. GILBERT TO PERU , MASS., AND THE MEETING OF HIS SON EUGENE WITH SARAH STOWELL. (From Sarah Stowell Gilbert's diary)

"I will give a synopsis of the past: In Jan.1869 Rev. Hiram W. Gilbert came to Peru Mass. (my home) to preach, bringing with him his family consisting of wife, an only son aged nine years and an adopted daughter a few years older. This son, a bashful, fair-haired boy, was looked upon by the

most of the children of the town, as the minister's boy, and therefore of different make-up from them. Consequently he was not taken into all their sports. And I being a very bashful, dark-haired slim little maiden, also of nearly nine years, saw very little of the 'new boy', and wondered why he was so quiet and unlike my brothers who were noisy, fun-loving, frolicsome boys. I did not realize that he being an only son and knowing nothing of the ways of boys, when there was a housefull altogether, wondered why they should make so much noise and be so rough.

In Nov. 1874 Mr. Gilbert removed with his family to Binghamton N.Y. and the two bashful children grew to be man and woman, each having their different experiences as they went their different ways. Hearing of each other only through friends and not seeing each other until Dec. 9 1883. The now bearded young man visited his old friends in Peru and those same noisy brothers all being absent it fell to the lot of the dark haired young lady to entertain him. They were so well entertained that a correspondence opened between them. In March 1884 he visited the young lady at her brother Henry's in Springfield Mass. The result of this visit was their engagement to be married.

The wedding, a very quiet but pleasant affair, took place in the old homestead in Peru, Berkshire Co. Mass. Oct. 23 at 2 P.M."

And so Peru brought together the two lines, the Stowells and Gilberts, in the line of Gilberts settling in Binghamton of whom the present compiler was the youngest.

It was natural that Kate M. Bruce, daughter of Hiram should fall heir to diaries and memoirs of her father. The memoirs of both her father and mother came into the hands of the present compiler but the diaries did not.

COLLEGE DAYS.

The following account of Hiram Gilbert's college days was written by his daughter Katie Bruce May 30, 1909 to her nephew, Ernest Gilbert, on the occasion of his entering Union College, the college of his grandfather Hiram Gilbert.

"I dug out some of the boxes of letters and diaries, and fortunately found one which father began at Union College March 1st, 1835 and will make a number of extracts from it.

"I found his diploma in its tin round box together with the certificate of his membership in the "Societas Adelphorum in Collegio Adelphorum, Schenectadiae" also dated Aug. 7, 1837 and signed by Peter VanNest Jr., Robert McMath, vice, and George C. Tench. The diploma is signed by Dr. Eliphalet Nott, President and many other names which I could not readily decipher.

"On the 28thof the month he speaks of the division of the Sophomore class to which he belonged having an examination and adds, "Was much pleased as I sustained it very well." On July 8 he writes of being in the last term of his Junior year. "For some days have had not a cent of money and owe $30." Later, "was initiated into the Hermean Society." Aug. 12 "Went to Ballston Spa with Huldah (your great aunt) to the circus. "Was some pleased with the exhibition." On another date he writes, "Sat in the presidential chair in the Adelphic Society. Have finished my term of office as president." Jan. 17 he began another term, bringing his wood from Galway. "Came from home with only two cents, brother Abijah loaned him a dollar. Feel rich."

Felt miserable that day and had four sores on his hands from sawing and cutting up the wood.

Later, "Left Gunsaulous' boarding house at dinner and am going to board myself" instead of paying $1.75 per week."

Later he notes, "Sarah gave me a pudding, a piece of boiled beef and two apple pies. Huldah gave me a loaf of bread, a jug of milk and part of a roll of butter and Abijah came down with me. Feel rich. Hid the jug of milk in the snow bank East of the college."

There was much agitation on the Temperance question at the time, and he notes "There is a wonderful spirit of compromise in the faculty and many students drink hard. This section is called 'Whiskey Lane'."

Typhus fever was very prevalent that winter and many students had it and many died. Dr. Nott in speaking to the students said in all his long connection with the college (32 years) he had never known so large a number to pass away. Among them were several of father's most intimate friends and he writes of being among those who cared for the sick ones.

The whole matter is of the order of painful self-examination and discouragements on account of lack of funds and is just heart-rending to read. How he ever persevered, in the face of all his discouragements I do not know, but it must have been 'pure Gilbert grit'. He was aided 300,00 by the Education fund and taught school between terms or worked in the hayfield, and the pages are full of questions as to whether the Lord meant him to be a minister or not and he is almost in despair most of the time. If money has been earned it is almost impossible for him to collect it, or he has loaned it to his brother Abijah and can't get it to pay his debts.

(college Days)

When his graduation time came Dr. Nott sent for him to come to his study and asked him to prepare a composition for Commencement, but he had to refuse because he had not enough money to buy a new suit to appear on the stage, and afterwards in writing of attending the exercises he tells of his coat "had been mended", and his hat was an old one a long time ago. "Have a pair of boots footed, and have not enough money to take them away." "Feel low spirited." Later he reckons up what his expenditures were for his college course and his earnings, and was several hundred dollars in debt, but he expected that his share of the estate when divided, would more than pay it, but somehow Abijah did some kind of "shenanigin" and things were sold and he went West and after the lawyer's fees were paid I think father got less than a hundred dollars out of it. I suppose Abijah prospered and "waxed fat and kicked". I don't know, but it was a great blow to father. That all happened when I was a child for gramdma Gilbert did not die till after I was born.

THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

After he entered the Theological Seminary in the Fall in Auburn, his monetary affairs were about the same. A long, dreary struggle and he often speaks of his harassing thoughts about money preventing him from study as he wished and I don't wonder. Almost from the first his diary begins to speak more of "the ladies" on whom he calls and how different they were in refinement and culture from those he had ever known at home and of going with a chum to call "on the Misses Pease". Soon he gives private lessons to a number of young ladies, among them "the Miss Pease", and he begins to enumerate the qualities he would look for in making a choice of companions in his life work. Needless to say, they personified perfection, as all such do.

As I read what he wrote so many years ago, I am filled with compassion for the struggles he went through and have more charity for the faults I felt in him when I was a girl, when I realize what privations he endured to get his education. Converted at 20 years, a raw country boy with only the common school education of the district school winter terms, to feel that he must preach the gospel, and work his way up through Fairfield Academy till he fitted himself for College, starve his way through that and the Theological Seminary and enter on his ministry in debt graduating at 31! It seems a hard lot.

HIS COURTSHIP.

I have just been reading in the end of the diary his debates with himself as to whether "Miss P" is the proper mate for him, all the "pros and cons" and his hesitancy in engaging himself when he has neither charge or prospect of one in the near future, but love finally prevailed and the extract dated "June 25th 1840", tells it all out. Poor mother! I wonder if she weighed him as severely in the balances as he did her! It is full of the "eternal Ego" of the man, of what she must be to him, to fill out and make his life more perfect, but I don't find much doubts whether he will fill out and round out her christian life as a wife!

I suppose that is natural. Well, she was a good wife to him She was born of good and refined parents and although her health wa not rugged and many things she could not do, her influence in his different parishes was always one of gentle christian grace, and ev

where she entered as a bride in Windsor, when I go there today, the few who are now living who were in her Sunday School class, remember her with tender affection."

(The above is all taken from Mrs. Bruce's letter.)

CONCERNING ASTRONOMY.

From notes made by Mrs. Bruce it can be gathered that one way Hiram Gilbert financed his education was by lecturing on astronomy. To quote:

"He worked his way through College and Seminary by teaching school or on his home farm during vacations and by lecturing on astronomy of which he was very fond. He invented a complete apparatus and Orrery which he used to show the motion of the suns and planets around the sun, which could be revolved showing the relative motion of each. There was also a smaller one which showed the constellations in a hollow globe with the earth and moon revolving in their orbits. It used to be in the large chamber where I played as a child and the cradle that the earth swung in as the whole affair turned around was often used by me as a swing or cradle for my doll.

It was afterward stored in our barn and stolen by boys. A number of years ago I saw an account of such an Orrery which was spoken of as a remarkable piece of apparatus."

HIS MINISTERIAL RECORD.

Again from notes made by his daughter Mrs. Bruce there are these items of biography:

"After his theological course was completed he married Catharine Eliza Pease of Auburn N.Y. and settled in Windsor N.Y. In 1854 he went to the Congregational Church in Greene N.Y., retiring from that charge and settling in Binghamton in 1860. For a few years he had no charge but in 1865 he moved to Long Ridge Conn. preaching there a few years, afterwards preaching in Peru Mass., retiring from active ministry about 1867 and residing on his little farm at Binghamton till his death in Feb. 3 1889. "

"Although a Presbyterian he preached more over Congregational churches than Presbyterian. He was actively connected with the Bible and Tract Societies and was often called upon after his ministry was closed to fill pulpits in an emergency."

Mrs. Bruce has made mention of her father's courtship and commented on his "eternal ego" as evidenced in his meditations as to whether or not to propose to Miss Pease. My own feeling is that had grandfather meditated on how well fitted he was to make happy and fill out the life of Catharine Pease, how much he had to contribute to her good fortune, in fact how fortunate she would be to have such a paragon of a young man propose to her; and if he had meditated on how so far as he was concerned he could get along well enough without her but that she needed him--I submit that this would have been the height of egotism. I think his approach was the best, the approach one may make in fact to the throne of grace, the basis of his need was the basis of his appeal. She, being gracious, yielded to that appeal and found in him her lover of a life-time. She could not have done better,--and neither could he!

Let him tell his own story in this copy of his own pad of meditations followed by his proposal letter:

AUBURN THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
June 25, 1840

"Not having a volume of a journal to write in I employ this sheet. (several pieces of writing paper sewn together.c.h.g.)

My mind has long been anxious respecting my duty in a matrimonial engagement. I often pray about it but cannot tell what is my duty. I have been much interested in the society of Miss Pease & have thought God had designed her for my wife. I am very sorry that I do not make up my mind respecting her.

I am pleased with her because she is of the age I would like(21 years).

Because I have reason to believe she has an agreeable disposition.

Because she is in my view a Christian.

Because she is interested in me & I think would do all in her power to increase my usefulness.

Yet I have hesitated to make an engagement because I feared she had a physical constitution too slender.

Because I have thought she would not have force & influence enough for me.

Because I have been some pleased with young ladies previous to this & never regretted that I did not engage & I have feared to engage with her lest I should before marriage see some other one & like her better.

Because I am in debt & must be very economical to get along well.

Because I sometimes think I ought to preach around considerable before I settle & know whether I can preach.

In a word I have not become engaged for fear I should some time regret it.

I have thought she was designed for me because after prayer & much reflection I have felt more as if she would be suitable for me than I ever before did respecting any one.

As far as I can judge from prayer & her society & meditation she is more adapted to me than any lady I ever became acquainted with.

And what is my duty. Time passes rapidly. In a few weeks I must leave here & I fear if I break up the tender sympathies we have for each other such is my temperament that

by some mishap I shall not do well in marrying I am afraid if I fail here that I shall make an utter failure. But the time draws near when I must engage or tell her why I do not. I think my conversation & management has been the cause of giving her an unsettled state of mind & I ought not to be the cause of it much longer. But this is that which she cannot attend to. I must get it out alone with my God. I know I have a duty to do but do not now know what that duty is. It is not duty to remain thus, & will God fail to show me my duty if I desire to know it? I will pray much & go & visit her next Saturday afternoon if providence permits & endeavor with plainness to talk with her. She has very good education & as far as I can ascertain she is willing to study any thing I wish her to. Indeed I believe she is very condescending to me. She has told me & I believe honestly that she has had great confidence in me ever since our first acquaintance. From what she says I think she never was in love before & that I can not only get her affections but her first & best affections. This I regard as important. She never has loved a young man more than me neither have I ever loved a young lady more than her. We know we have a great respect for each other but we have not told each other that we loved. In all our freedon in conversation & correspondence we have kept from using little endearing terms of love. I am willing to do my duty to take the one God shall choose & to have Christ present not only at the wedding but also during the courtship. This is important business & may the Lord direct me that I may do all things to his glory & acceptance for Jesus' sake Amen.

I will commit this to God & can do no more. But I must be careful how I interpret his providences.

26)

I have made the above subject my meditation this morning & conclude I must have a long conversation with Miss C.

When I consider the manner in which I became acquainted with her & my management ever since if I should now suffer my mind to be diverted from her & become cool in my affections I have great reason to fear lest if I should become intimate with another I should leave her in the same way. Therefore it becomes me to look well to my motives. I do not wish to be trifling with myself or the sisters in Christ. It is not right for any one to manage as I have & not propose marriage with her unless there should be some valid objection & both should be satisfied with it. But as it is now it seems as if I was getting more & more into her affections & she in mine & yet no definite understanding. I wish I knew what to do & I would let her know. I have asked wisdom of God & searched his word & watched his providence & consulted within me & conversed with her & now I can do no more. Where duty leads I am under a moral necessity of following. I meant to have had an opportunity with her last evening after meeting but she had company. I submitted to it however as right for it is hardly proper to go to a religious meeting meditating a visit like that & calculating to spend the evening thus. Although whenever I court I wish it to be a religious courtship yet I must not let duties run into each other. I must avoid remarking or hinting respecting it to the brethren.

I am too liable in conversation to hint something about the choice of a wife. It surely does but little if any good. I must learn to think it out. Seeing I have honestly thought that she was designed for me I am determined to know if possible whether this is so. We must have one good honest conversation. But something whispers this will not do unless you engage. But how can I think of engaging while my mind is in such a frame? The Lord bless my next visit with her & show me duty & how I may honor him in the choice of a companion for Christ's sake. Amen.

27) I have called as I designed & had a visit with her until nearly nine o'clock. Our conversation was good but I did not come to the point as I designed yet this visit has been beneficial. I investigate her mind more & more. I do not find it hard to talk with her on religious topics. The truth is I could spend all day in conversation with her & still have something on hand of interest.

I want to engage some one but do not after all like to be engaged. I think I am more & more interested in her society. Would it not please me through life? I prize her for what she is & also for what she might be with suitable training.

th)
30)

I see Miss Pease about every evening. I wish however we could have a long conversation respecting our affairs. The truth is I like the person & yet think it very imprudent to engage. I hope I may soon satisfactorily manage this business. There is not any girl I like as well. I am at home in her society. If I fail to marry her will I ever find another just as well calculated to please me. I will try by conversation to find out whether our acquaintance is to be followed by an engagement & marriage. I think I can love God supremely & yet love her too. Did I know it would be for the best I would be engaged to her tomorrow or stand rejected. Unless I marry her I fear I am trespassing on her patience. Her confidence in me is great & increasing. Yet I believe if we manage well I can leave without any hard feelings in the mind of either. I never felt more need of wisdom to direct in temporal concerns. I hope the Lord will not leave me to folly. I question whether I shall do right to let our mutual confidence pass without something permanent. And then I think of hard times & how difficult it will probably be to settle & get along & pay all my debts & keep house.

But the Lord will provide.

July 1

Visited Miss P. this forenoon & our conversation was somewhat definite. We are determined to understand our affairs soon. I am still much pleased with her. The most I fear is that her health is not sufficient. I do not think it my duty to marry one who has ill health. But we meet again on Saturday. And may the Lord bless us & our visit to his glory & show by his providence our duty.

4) I spent a great part of the forenoon & evening with Miss C. & attended the celebration by the people of town & also the Sabbath-schools. It has on the whole been agreeable. I am becoming more & more acquainted with Miss C. & still find her pleasant. I hope to know & do my duty.

7th)
Last evening after monthly concert I called & visited Catharine until after one o'clock. I was the more anxious to see her as she was going out of town today. During my visits on Saturday & last evening I gave her to understand that our respect was mutual & that my affections were about fixed upon her. She responds to all my advances as far as I can see. If we become engaged there is nothing more in the way of a proposition.

She will be absent 2 or 3 weeks & then I think to visit her once & then I know not what should hinder me from asking her consent in marriage. I will pray much in reference to it. The next time I am with her alone I must propose that we pray together & lead in prayer. It is my duty. I am satisfied she has been trained up for God & has a desire to be useful & would be of great service to me as a Christian & a minister. I believe she has a very tender regard for my welfare & would add much to my influence in life.

25th)
I some expected Miss Pease home today. I feel somewhat anxious to see her. I expect to leave here four weeks from today & it appears to me we must have something more said in reference to our affairs. I do not know why it is not my duty to invite her to become my companion. I believe she possesses those qualities which would be profitable to me & useful to the church. Just now I am embarrassed not having money enough to pay my debts nor a place to preach nor license.

27th)
This afternoon Miss Pease returned & I went with one of the brethren & saw her but not to say much to her. I am very glad she has returned. It seems providential. I hope to know soon whether she is to be my wife or not. It is time to do so. I must not delay. If I am not much deceived she is the one the Lord designs for me. I hope to do all I do with a wise reference to the glory of God & the good of his church. I hope to act in wisdom. It is not the most easy task to get a wife. I hope my motives are good in selecting her. As far as I know my own heart they are. But I must have one more visit with her before I propose. I think to visit her tomorrow evening. I will pray for direction. The Lord will provide.

28th)
Spent a considerable of time in the family & with Miss C. this forenoon & have permission of her society this evening. I hope I am not deceived in the person. Will the Lord bless me & teach me what to do ? For Jesus' sake Amen.

29th) Visited Miss Catharine last evening. One of the brethren called a short time but long before 9 o'clock we were alone. I stayed later than usual. It was after 2 o'clock this morning. Our conversation was on a variety of topics & somewhat definite in reference to our attachment. If I am not greatly deceived she is a sincere Christian & would have a happy influence on my mind as a Christian & minister of the gospel. I have become satisfied with regard to her & cannot tell why I should not offer her my hand in marriage. I know this is an important step but so it is. I love her for what she is & for what she may be. I love her for what God by his grace has done for her. And shall I suppress all this? It is not the sudden burst of

affection. No, it has been increasing about two years.
She is confiding and modest. Will she not continue so? If I give her an understanding of my intentions will she not love? She will. Her heart is full of it. I know I am transacting business which will have an important bearing on my future life. But I cannot help it. It is duty if I can by any means learn it.
Before parting I proposed prayer. She readily acceded & I led in a short & I hope appropriate prayer.

Galway Aug. 27th.
I have lately spent much time in the society of Miss Catharine. Last Saturday morning I parted with her just before I started for home. We enjoyed part of my birthday together last year & also this. Before we parted we both joined in prayer. I love to hear her pray. We are to pray daily for each other. I feel since our engagement settled in mind respecting a companion. She will improve & prepare for usefulness. I think we can agree together & serve the Lord. "

Accompanying the crowded pages of these meditations is a large and ample folio of paper written beautifully on a part of one side his letter of proposal which is here copied:

Beloved Friend
and sister in the Lord,
Entertaining the opinion which I have formed of you and having confidence in your ability, and desire, to become useful--and believing that you are willing to make still further progress, in a course of preparation--I know of no reason, why I should not present you my choicest compliments.
And as far as I can ascertain what is right--it is my privilege--my duty--and my pleasure--and I therefore cordially invite you to become my companion--to identify your interests, and usefulness with mine--partake with me in the joys, and sorrows, of life--and to unite with me, in prayerful, persevering, christian effort--that our personal piety may be promoted--and, that we may by the blessing of God, be instrumental in fulfilling his purposes of grace, to perishing sinners.
Will you let some portion of the present, and the next weeks, be employed in considering this subject.
And I will call next Thursday Morning.

Catharine Eliza Pease. Hiram Whitney Gilbert

Auburn Theological Seminary
July 30th 1840

Unfortunately we have no diaries or other records of his parish experiences. An account of his death is given in the diary of Mrs. Eugene Gilbert.:
Feb. 10 1889" I know not how to begin to write now. Two weeks ago we were a complete circle, all well and happy. Now Father has left us to join the realms above. Monday January 28 he opened the ministers' meeting, seemed unusually well. In the evening he was preparing a paper to read at the annual meeting of the Bible Society of which he was president. After handling some cold books he had a chill but sweat some in the night. Ate breakfast with us Tuesday morning but complained of feeling sick, and after prayers went upstairs and lay down. Was not able to go to the meeting....Thursday morning he complained of pain in his side and we called Dr. Hand who pronounced him a very sick man, billiousness with tendency to pneumonia. He grew worse, just being delirious most of the time. Saturday P.M. Mr. and Mrs. Burbank called and he sent a note to Mr. Dunham requesting him to remember him in the morning prayer, and mentioning his favorite hymn, "Happy,Savior, Would I Be, If I Could But Trust in Thee."...Sun. When it was near time for the bells to ring he wanted the windows opened that he might hear them and know when the service began that we as a family might bow in silent prayer. He seemed to think the service was to be held in his room...Eugene and mother got him up on to the reclining chair, and then Mother and Eugene sang his hymn. He seemed more quiet and tried to follow them. We tried to tell him to trust, but he couldn't hold an idea but a minute. As they were getting him back to bed he seemed to faint and then sank into a deep sleep from which he never awoke, breathing his last about 11:30."

From a newspaper account of his death there is recorded this testimony regarding his work:
"His talents as a preacher were of the solid rather than the brilliant order; and his discourses, if not adorned with showy rhetoric, were full of sound doctrine, practical sense, and breathed the most ardent and devoted loyalty to the religion of Christ. He left his life-work rounded and complete, and like an aged warrior covered with the scars of conflict, sank to his rest on the field of complete and glorious victory, to enter into his unspeakable reward."

NOTATION:--- The Reverend Hiram Gilbert was buried in the Gilbert lot of Glenwood Cemetery in Binghamton, N. Y. His monument has been recently repaired and now stands along side of that of Catherine, his wife.

(letter of presentation of this book, found among papers.)

Binghamton N.Y. Mar. 13th 1886

My dear Daughter.

It is a consolation, after so long a time, to see this volume complete.

You must not mind the date at the beginning. That was not when I commenced to write, but when I began to collect materials.

You gave me a hint, requesting me to tell you somewhat about my relatives.

I knew years ago, that I had the names of my grandparents, and of their children. But the paper had become worn, and torn, and I feared it would be mislaid and lost.

I got together some inferior wrapping paper, and made me blanks for pencil writing. I found some facts in old letters, and some in my journal, and set myself a thinking. I have seemed to live in the past, for about 4 months. I thought I should get enough together, so that I could contribute now and then a sheet for the weekly letter. But what I had gathered, only increased the desire for more, and the work has increased upon my hands. I soon began to write out notes, and to transcribe with pencil, from one book to another. When, Gene got 2 blank books, 1 of 92 pages, and another of 140, the design was to see which I would use. I began in the largest, supposing it would accommodate me and Ma too. But I have on hand some 8 or 10 topics, and may be they, and what Ma will furnish, will fill the other volume.

But as I now feel, I think to monopolize the whole. I spent nearly 2 days in reading over, and correcting this volume. I thought I made but few mistakes, but was surprised to find so many instances of letters, and even words omitted, and the work lacked points of punctuation. In looking after topics, although so familiar to me I saw it necessary to make an index. That I have just finished.

I sent out many letters of inquiry. Some have been answered in part, and some not at all, and 2 have been returned, not called for. I am surprised, and even disgusted, that people know so little about what should be in family records. We should hardly believe that so many people could be found, who cannot tell, 'for sure', the ages of their own parents, nor when they were married, nor when they died. In the old family Bible, I found an imperfect record of Mother's marriage, and the birth etc. of her children. A few months ago, I could not have told the names of the first 2 mothers. And now I am ignorant of the dates of their birth, marriage, and death. I could not tell the age of my oldest brother, until I wrote to the Post Master. He had 2 wives, but I knew nothing of the time of marriage, and am yet ignorant of the birth, marriage, and death of the first. I don't know when Philo was born. He had 3 wives, and I know of the time the 3rd was married, but not of the others, nor of their birth. I think I have heard, long, long ago, of the twins, but I might never have thought of them again, except Clarinda (Gilbert) Birch of Omro Wis. had written

about them. Clarinda is David's daughter, but as Philo had no children, I think Philo must have taken her when young. She was there before I went to Auburn. She wrote, that Philo used to speak of the twins, and you see, I notice them, on page 11. That makes my father's family 13, instead of 11, as I supposed. I don't know when Lucy was born, nor when she was married, nor her age. I know when she died, and I could know her age probably, if I had access to the tomb-stone. Before copying in the volume, I procured blank news-paper, and wrote out in full, with pencil, writing as I used to my reports, on one side of the leaf only. I reserve all these, and hope to make a copy from them sometime. This copy is imperfect, and perhaps another would be, but I will not keep you waiting, seeing I have tried your patience so long. I wish you had a better copy, but I would not like to have you wait for it. It is a consolation, that it was not written for the public eye, and it will not be liable to public criticism. I have not written it as an expert. I could have gotten together a few facts and figures, and sent them, but I soon found that some incidents demanded notice, and so they increased, as I began to write them down. Please excuse my use of the last fly-leaf, as I wanted to write a little more

But I did not even then, say as did the writer of the last chapter of the Book of Maccabees, "and here shall be an end," but I propose another volume.

You have doubtless read in books, and pamphlets, and heard in speeches, what are called 'exhaustive arguments,' but do they furnish such clear and profitable presentation of the subject matter, or does it so much exhaust the patience of those that read, or hear? My object has been to do 2 things, to be correct in dates, and to furnish such incidents as occurred to me at the time.

Sometimes my fingers got tired, and much of the writing was done in the evening, and some how, at times, I occupied too much room for the amount written. Otherwise the volume would easily have contained what I had prepared. I know now better how to estimate it.

When I found an Index necessary, I prepared one on notepaper, that I intended to fasten in the book. When I found it defective, I thought best to put a better one on the first fly-leaf. I stick in an imperfect outline map of the location of the old homestead, and put in its proper place, that little snatch of a bugle tune, as it occurs to me. It is about as I have always understood it.

15th. Mild, muddy, and spring-like. Ma is writing to the children, so as to put a description of the presents in the package, and I must hurry up, with what I have to say.

This volume of Genealogy and Incidents you will please accept as my Birthday prest, the same as if received April 14th. 11x4- 44. I wish you a Happy New Year. I am glad Orsa is improving in health. We have had a very singular winter, but spring has come, and we hope to enjoy it. I have been more retired during the wintertt han usual. I did not think it would take long for this work when

I began, but no one knows about such work, unless by experiment. I do not regret it, and I hope to make a copy for myself.

With much love to you both I am

Your Father.

Page in Notebook

Page 1

Binghamton N.Y. Nov. 21st. 1885.

The following brief history of a branch of the Gilbert family, collected and arranged by an affectionate father is respectfully presented to his daughter, Mrs. Mary Catharine (Gilbert) Bruce.

The business of an historian is to record facts.

The effort now undertaken by me has long been desired, and sometimes anticipated, but the practical labor of it has never before been commenced. For scores of years, I had heard much about Old Connecticut. Many things complimentary, and some things that are only playful. That part of New England has generally been presented as the land of steady habit, pretty girls, pumpkin pies, and wooden nutmegs! By which homely phrases it was generally understood, that the inhabitants of Connecticut were a people of good morals, fond of pleasant society, given to hospitality, and, as one peculiar characteristic, very ingenious. But more than this, to me it was the land of my fathers. No wonder then, that I should desire to look in upon it, and to know something of it personally. But that longing was never satisfied until some 30 years ago.

Page 2

Having a few leisure days for an excursion, I determined to go and see for myself. Arriving in Fairfield County, I found in Derby a large number of relatives. Almost with my first introduction to the pastor of the Congregational Church he very kindly accompanied me to New Haven, that beautiful city of elms.

On another occasion my cousin Augur Gilbert took me to Huntington, the place of my father's nativity. So that I was permitted to be where he had formerly been, and to view the same surrounding scenery that must have delighted him more than 130 years ago, and where he resided during all the period of youth. And when I fully took in the situation, it filled me with an exceedingly pleasureable emotion. And I can, even now, after a period of more than 30 years, recall something of that sensation, and enjoy it over again. I cannot describe it, for language is inadequate. A word picture is sufficient. And although my stay in that vicinity was brief, yet the time was well occupied, I realized a much larger circle of relatives than I at first anticipated, and my visit became increasingly interesting to me certainly. Each person I met seemed to catch the inspiration of the hour, and helped greatly to multiply our social pleasures. So that, during the short interview, (a few days only) the impression was both pleasant and profitable.

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I readily admit that the yankees have a peculiarly interesting manner of entertaining company. I always supposed myself/supposed myself sufficiently sociable, but I was agreeably surprized in having an opportunity for rest. Here was a complete demonstration of Connecticut home life, and I perceived myself but a small item in a social circle. My feeble effort was of small account. The conversation need not lag, but could go on without me.

I saw and heard many things that interested me, but recorded but few of them then. And I deeply regret that I did not preserve a much larger number of them. Some important particulars indeed were gathered, but, in view of that favorable opportunity, as I now see it, together with the little it was improved, compared with what it might have been, I now perceive my mistake.

I was in personal conversation with some, who have long since passed beyond this transitory scene. Or, I might in after years have corresponded with them, and thus secured important facts that would aid in my researches, and which I should value exceedingly, but which I must now regard as forever lost.

For many years, I have had a vague idea of collecting materials for a brief sketch of that branch of the Gilbert family with which I am connected. And I am impressed with the thought, that this long delay has made it a more difficult work. And, though conscious of being ill prepared for it, yet, I must necessarily commence it, if at all, with great embarrassment. For the family record to which I have access is very incomplete. Consult the living? Yes, were it possible. But my parents and all my nearest of kin are dead, myself being the youngest and last of a large family of 13 children. Some however are still numbered with the living, with whom I would with pleasure confer, but they are far away, and widely separated from each other. Their letters even are not sufficient. The answers to my inquiries are generally too indefinite, and some are not answered at all.

I also have been careless in recording in my private diary events of interest, and often the very thing I desire to find is not there. I must hence depend largely upon my memory. But I find this source is often unreliable. How can I be expected to recall vividly, incidents that occurred a long time ago? Thirty, 40, 50, and even 60 years ago? Many transactions, however important, we can never recall, notwithstanding our best endeavors. And others come back to us, not as they were originally, but badly mixed up with each other. They appear very much like some of our dreams that are only a re-hash of what has been. They are in themselves realities, but they come back to us in new combinations. We do not usually get the same view of them that we once did, when they transpired amid the passing events of our busy lives.

Is it not then a very delicate task that I have undertaken? To span broad chasms somehow, even though the way be dark and intricate? Sometimes indeed real facts are more numerous than the precise dates that belong to them. And therefore, when I would gladly state positively, I must be content with what is only probable.

I repeat. Much of this history which I contemplate must be restored, if at all, from memory.

My father was 56 years old when I was born, and when he died, I was 20. There would therefore, be only some 15 years in which I might be expected to hear and retain his conversation with reference to his family. And then, what I heard respecting them and other matters, was listened to at a disadvantage. For it was not repeated for my special benefit, but only to and for his old friends. And those friends were fast passing away, and such matters would be spoken less frequently.

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Consequently, I would not be apt to retain very much, compared with what might have been, had it been heard during the last of father's declining years. Is it not then a difficult matter, to be definite and positive concerning events that occurred from 50 to 70 years ago, and during the playful sports of boyhood?

The beginning of my story about my ancestors might seem to many rather common-place. A sort of stereotyped edition. For I understand that other families have a similar tradition in regard to their early history.

But, be that as it may, when father used to speak of the origin of that branch of the Gilbert family to which we belong I am confident the idea uniformily conveyed was, that 3 brothers of our name emigrated from England to America, and settled in Connecticut. Their names were John, Thomas, and Abraham. And my confident impression is, that John and Thomas established for themselves and their families, homes in Fairfield Co.(John in the town of Weston, and Thomas, our ancestor, in Stratford,) while Abraham settled in New Haven.

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But as to the identical year in which they came, or what their ages were, these facts are veiled in the indefinite past, and can only be known, if at all, by an examination of records that may be extant.

And had I the time, and the means to spare, I should delight to make the effort. Now, lest I should ignore a whole generation, by over-looking or omitting a single individual, I want to say, right here, that I never understood my father to say, that his father was one of those early pioneers; but, that his grandfather was one of them. That is, as I should say, one of them was my great grandfather. Now, assuming this to be true,(and I am not conscious of any other way), and allowing 33 years for a generation, the reasonable conclusion is, that Thomas Gilbert, our great progenitor, was born in England, in about the year of our Lord 1686, or 7.

Let us apply this rule in our own family, as far back as we can. My father was born as the record shows, in 1752. We can come down from him to the 5th generation. That means 4 generations. Thus, 33x4-132 1752-1884.

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Apply this rule again, and go back from him to the 3rd generation. That is, 2 generations. Thus, 33x2-66. 1752-66-1686. Or, from my great grandfather Thomas Gilbert to my great grandson, Ronald Bruce, who is of the 7th generation, and you have 6 generations. Thus, 33x6-198. But 1885-198 - 1687.

But if my grandfather was born in ~~1720~~* (Mar.13:1700-1) it does notmilitate against the fact that my father was born Oct. 21st 1752.

*correction written in another hand.

At this point, I begin the History.

I commence with Thomas* Gilbert, of Stratford, Fairfield Co. Conn. and one of the brothers who came from England. I have no record of his marriage or death, nor of the number of his children. I have only this one fact, that his son John Gilbert was my grandfather. Also of his birth, marriage and death, I have no record, except that his wife's name was Sarah Marchant.

*correction written as John

(Inserted in the margin apparently in the handwriting of his daughter Catharine Bruce is written the following item of genealogy:

John Gilbert, born Mar. 13:1700-1.
John Gilbert married Sarah Marchant, daughter of John Marchant, Jan. 19:1748-9. She died 1808. He died 1777. (From History of Stratford, Conn. by Samuel Orcutt.
John Gilbert, Springfield Mass. married 2nd.Hannah Ranfield July 1695. 3rd. Patience ?? Nov. 1714. Purchased land in Stratford May 2, 1713 of Ebenezer Wooster at Oronoke and conducted a ferry across the Housatonic at that place for a number of years. Had children by 2nd wife. Anna b.1688. Thomas b.1696.m.(Dec. 1717) Jemima Silliman of Fairfield. 2nd. Elizabeth Howe. Josiah b.1699.(~~Mar. 13:1~~ m. Sarah. John b. Mar. 13:1700-1 Frances m.John Keyes. 2nd.Edward Lewis. Sarah b.1705
(Here ends the genealogical notations in handwriting of his daughter Catherine. The next writing of Hiram Gilbert has penciled dates written over certain names. Hence the double-spacing and inserted dates.)

To my grandparents, nine children were born. 1750 Josiah, 1751 Elihu, 1752 John, 1754 Lemuel, 1755 Thomas, 1758 Joel, 1762 Anner, 1763(3) Sarah Ann, 1767 and Agur. Marchant 1774. Seven sons and 2 daughters. But here the

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available material for my theme is so meager, so much before me that is little more than a perfect blank, my work and way seem very discouraging. How desirable, to furnish some commendable history of my grandfather's family, more than that of my father's family, and a few other incidents beside!
And this I would most gladly do, far more definitely and extensively than is possible, with my present limited knowledge of facts and figures.
1st. Josiah.
(Insert in Catherine Bruce's handwriting:Josiah b.June 6 1750. m.Huldah Judson 1776.)
What this uncle's life and opportunities were and whether he stood up in the defence of his country in the hour of peril, or not, or how long or where he lived, I cannot say. Nor do I remember him to have been spoken of as among the living.
2nd. Elihu.
(By Catherine Bruce:Elihu(Elle or Eli) b. Aug.9:1751. m. Elizabeth Wheeler 1773.)
The same may be said of him, although I seem to have had a faint recollection of hearing something said of uncle El, (as he was called) when referring to Connecticut friends or affairs.
3rd. John Gilbert. (2nd)
(By Catherine Bruce: b.Oct. 21:1752 m.Huldah Mallory)
In recording the genealogy of father's family, as I have but a few dates previous to the year 1800, those which are doubtful will appear in brackets. I always understood him, that he was in the continental army 3 years. In 1776,'77 & '78. He married Huldah Malory, I presume in (1778), and that 5 children were born to them in Huntington Conn.

Page 1

Marchant Gilbert, b. Mar.2d 1779
Lucy Gilbert b. (1781)
A pair of twins b. (1783)
Philo Gilbert b. (1785)

In a letter from Clarinda Gilbert Birch, written Feb.2d '86, she wrote, that Philo used to say, that his mother had a pair of twins, and both died in infancy, and that he was the youngest of her children. If I ever knew this, I had forgotten it. Clarinda lived in Philo's family as a daugnter. I credit her statement.

I have no record of Huldah's death. It probably occurred in (1786).

Without a knowledge of the fact, I record father's marriage to Hannah Wheeler in (1788). Two sons were born to them, doubtless in Huntington.

David Wheeler Gilbert b. (1790)
Cyrus Gilbert b. Mar. 7th 1792.

I am not informed as to Hannah's death, but suppose it to have occurred in Galway Saratoga Co. N.Y. probably in (1795).

Mary Whitney,(my mother) was born Oct. 31st 1764. Page 12
I am not positive as to her native place, but suppose it to have been in the western part of Massachusetts, or the eastern part of New York, as she sometimes referred to the Stockbridge Indians.

My father and mother were married in Charlton N.Y. Mar. 22d 1797. I say Charlton, the town adjoining Galway on the south, because my mother's sister, uncle Edward Callen's wife resided there, and my grandfather Ezra Whitney died and was buried there.

The children of John and Mary Gilbert were born in Galway.

Huldah Gilbert, born Dec. 29th 1798
Abijah Gilbert " Aug. 19th 1800
Ezra Gilbert " Sept.10th 1802
Anson Gilbert " June 26th 1804
and died in infancy June 20 1805
Anson Gilbert born June 27th 1806
Hiram Whitney Gilbert born Aug. 22d 1809
(in other handwriting died Feb.3 1889)

Marchant Gilbert and Rachel Williams were married in Galway (1805) One daughter, Betsey Gilbert, b.Dec. 11th 1806. Rachel died (1808).

Marchant married Ann Arrowsmith in Ballston (1811). Page 13
Betsey married Stephen Miles in Apulia (1825)
Two sons were born to them:
(1826)
Philo Gilbert Miles b.(1828)
" " " married Cornelia Thomas (born Jan.7th 1828) in Apulia(1847). George Miles born to them(1848)

Marchant died Jan. 14th 1850
Ann A. " Feb. 23rd 1850 b.Aug.16th 1786
Betsey " Apr.11th 1850 b.Dec.11th 1806
Cornelia " July 7th 1851 b.Jan.7th 1828

Philo G. Miles married a second wife. The wife procured divorce and married again.

Lucy Gilbert married Job Pratt in Galway (1805). To them were born 4 children:

Nathaniel Pratt
Huldah Maria Pratt
Ann Pratt
James Harvey Pratt.

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Job Pratt died in Salisbury. Lucy Gilbert Pratt d.Dec.30 1858

Children of Nathaniel and Almira Pratt: Anna, James M., Lucy A., Martha E. and Charles L. Two sons and 3 daughters.

Huldah M. Pratt married George TenEyck. They had 3 sons born, James M. Ten Eyck, Henry B. Ten Eyck, and William S. Ten Eyck.

Nathaniel Pratt died in Salisbury.(1869).

Huldah M. Ten Eyck died, and George married again. One son has one or more children.

Ann Pratt died in Auburn (1866).

Rev. James H. Pratt married and had 7 children:

Anna Pratt, born Jan. 1857
Eliza Pratt " July 1859
Charlie Pratt " Jan. 1863
Willie Pratt " Jan. 1866
Frankie Pratt " Jan. 1868

One child has been born since.

Rev. James H. Pratt died at Atlanta Iowa Feb. 6th 1883. The widow and family reside at Dixon Ill.

Philo Gilbert and Clarinda Smith were married in Galway. Clarinda died in Sempronius.

Philo married Eliza Beers in Galway in Feb. 16th 1834.

Eliza died in Moravia Mar. 7th 1849.

He also married Mrs. Maria Birdsall of Moravia Dec. 23rd 1855.

Philo Gilbert died June 2nd 1858. Maria married and is again left a widow.

David W. Gilbert married in Sempronius, Tirzah Phelps, and their children were--

John Hiram Gilbert b. May 28th 1817.
Eliza R. Gilbert
Harvey Gilbert born in 1823.
Clarinda Gilbert b. Apr. 25th 1825.

Tirzah (Phelps) Gilbert died in Gilboa May 29th 1830.

David W. Gilbert married Polly Bartley of Gilboa by whom was born-

Catharine Maria Gilbert.

David W. Gilbert died June 17th 1859.
Polly B. Gilbert " April 1869.
John H. Gilbert " in Sempronius Aug. 23rd 1840.

Eliza R. Gilbert married Alonzo B. Cady of Moravia, and their children were three sons and two daughters.

Children of Eliza R. and A.B.Cady -

Marian b. Feb. 16th 1845, married R.S.McLeran in 1863, reside Portland Oregon.

Miles D. Cady, married, resides in Wash. Ter.

Alice Cady, mar. S.R.Spalding, and they reside in Burlingame Kansas.

Frank A. Cady, b. 1862. Shoe dealers of the firm of A.B. and F.W.Cady, Burlingame Kan.

Eliza R. (Gilbert) Cady, d. Aug. 14th 1885 (margin. Hiram Birch of Sempronius, b. Mar.24th 1808, mar. Clarinda Gilbert Nov. 8th 1845, Went to Omso Wis. d. Nov. 10th 1885. Their son Philo Birch b. May 22nd 1849. Catharine Maria Gilbert, David's daughter mar. John Cooney in Gilboa. They had a son and daughter. Catharine in declining health Feb. 18th 1870.)

Cyrus Gilbert b. Mar. 7, 1792 and Nancy Clark b. Aug. 9th 1796 were married in York N.Y. Dec. 17th 1815. Their children are:-

Clarinda b. Oct. 3d 1816, and d. Dec. 6th 1816.
Polly Gilbert b. Apr.7th 1818
Philo Gilbert b. Sept. 16th 1820
Henry C. Gilbert b. Feb. 1st 1823
James Gilbert b. Apr. 18th 1825
John M. Gilbert b. June 4th 1827
Lucius Gilbert born Mar. 18th 1830
David W. Gilbert b. May 3d 1833 d. Feb. '74
Martha A. Gilbert b. Oct. 11th 1836 d. Jan. '76
Betsey A. Gilbert b. Oct. 11th 1836

Children of Betsey A. and B.Dighton Eckler, a son born Aug. 16th 1862; a daughter born June 4th 1866, and married Aug. 16th 1882. A son born March 1867, and died March 1873.

Andrew J. Gilbert(
William J. Gilbert(born Aug. 11th 1838. Page 17

William J. Gilbert died Jan. 12th 1839.
Cyrus Gilbert died in Flint Mich. Feb. 17th 1859
Nancy(Clark) Gilbert died in Flint Mich. Sept 22d 1876.

Huldah Gilbert and Leverett Russell were married in Windsor N.Y. May 4th 1854. Leverett Russell died Mar. 24th 1857. Huldah (Gilbert) Russell d. Apr. 14th 1869.

Abijah Gilbert and Sally St. John were married in Galway, by Rev. A.W.Platt Jan. 2d 1833. All their children were born in Galway:-

Mary Jane Gilbert
James Howard Gilbert
Charlotte Ann Gilbert
Benjamin Howard Gilbert.

Mary J. Gilbert married Mr. Waite and long resided in Faribault Minn. Two children were born to them, Stella Waite b . Nov. 24th 1863. Also an infant who died in infancy.

James Howard Gilbert died in Galway in infancy Jan. 6 1839.

Charlotte Ann Gilbert was in Rockford Ill. in Jan.26th 1870.

Benjamin Howard Gilbert married and was an agriculturist at Round Prairie Minn. as late as Jan. 26th 1870. Page 18

Abijah Gilbert d. in Milwaukee Wis. Nov. 8th 1850. A letter directed to Mary J. Waite Jan. 1st 1886 was not called for, and returned. Also to Benjamin Feb. 5, '86, and returned.

Ezra Gilbert and Polly Curtis were married in Galway by Elder McCollum, Sept. 20th 1836. They resided in Upper Canada nearly 18 years, returned, and visited us in Green, and went to Flint Mich. In Canada they adopted 2 children, William Johnstone, and Mary Johnstone. Ezra Gilbert died in Flint, Jan. 15th 1865.

Anson Gilbert and Judith Ann Garland were married in Flint, Sept. 29th 1833. The following children were born to them:

George H. Gilbert
Ellen Gilbert
Erastus Gilbert.

Ellen Gilbert, daughter of Anson Gilbert, married William Johnstone, and their sons were born in 1869, 1872, and 1875.

(Here pages 19 and 20 of the notebook are missing.)

(page 21)

5th. Thomas Gilbert. I may say here, that I never saw any of these uncles, my father's brothers, and but one of his two sisters. But, there are reasons why I should feel most acquainted with Thomas, as I have seen several of his children, and grandchildren, and great grandchildren. Of him personally I know nothing. And possess no facts in reverence to his birth, marriage, or death, or of the number of his children even.

(margin: "He married Mary Loveing.")

But I have a favorable acquaintance with several members of his family, such as cousins Truman, and Amarilus, and Phebe, and Lucius.

(margin: Hephzibah and Ezekiel.)

To speak of these more particularly therefore is to me a matter of interest. The residence of cousin Truman was on the left bank of the Housatonic river at the junction of the Naugatick, where the citizens of Derby enjoy many beautiful locations. There he raised a large and enterprising family of eleven children. Two(three)sons, and 9(8) daughters. He was a man successful in business, influential and respected.

His oldest daughter, Phebe(Gilbert) Hayes was left a widow early in life, with two bright boys, Fred and Frank. Fred died young, and a few years ago Frank married Grace (page 2
Watkins of Peru Mass. She is an educated and accomplished lady of our acquaintance. They now reside in the city of Holyoke,(margin:later Cambridgeport) and have 3 little boys(and one girl) to train up for usefulness. These are John Howard, born Dec. 25th 1879, Truman Davis, born Dec. 10, 1880, and Lawrence Warner, born Apr.1st 1883. I have never seen them, but think I should enjoy a visit with them dearly. Our Sarah and Grace are cousins. That is, her father, and Sarah's grandfather were brothers. Those little boys' great grandfather was my cousin Truman Gilbert. You and Mrs. Hayes were second Cousins, Rob and Frank are third cousins, and Ronald and they are fourth cousins.

I had a short acquaintance with another of Truman's daughters in the winter of 1854, and then she and her father came out and visited us in the spring, and were present at the wedding of your Aunt Huldah and Leverett Russell. Also in the Fall of the same year, myself and wife, and our 12 year old daughter visited them and other (page23)
relatives at their own homes in Derby. Of course you remember cousin Sarah.

And besides, long years subsequently, and years of great national affliction, sorrow, and suffering; civil war and its terrible desolations, this same Sarah and her fatherless boy Robert visited us in Peru. Not indeed as the

cheerful and lighthearted girl, but, as the sad widow of the late Captain Hamilton, a faithful union soldier who fell in the defence of our Civil Government.

Cousin Truman had an exceedingly happy family. When we were there, they were nearly all married and favorably settled in that vicinity, so that, his children and their companions could all be summoned together and fill his parlour, almost any day, and on short notice.

Some years ago, the likenesses of those eleven brothers and sisters were all photographed upon the same plate. But so uncommon was the incident, that the artist who took them could hardly believe what he saw. (page 24)

But where are all those happy faces now? We listen, and echo answers where? In June 1856, nearly 30 years ago, while on a journey west, I called on one of Sarah's brothers, beyond the Mississippi river, at Davenport Iowa, where I found cousin Thomas Gilbert. Also another brother Isaac Gilbert, at Durant, and about 20 miles west of the Father of waters, which, by the way, is the farthest point west ever visited by me.

On my return to Davenport, I well remember Henry Gilbert, a son of Thomas, how kindly he went around with me. He accompanied to Rock Island, where we saw some of the old fortifications at Fort Armstrong, used during the war with Black Hawk.

Since I commenced my researches, I directed a letter to Mrs. Hayes, or any of the daughters of cousin Truman, and for awhile received nothing. A few days ago however, I received an answer to my letter, written by Sarah A. Hamilton. Her sister Phebe Hayes has been dead some ten years, and she was surprised that I had not heard of it. If I had, I had forgotten it. For a time, what think you was my inference? Dead, or gone away. We surely are in a (page 25) changing world, and a great difference is seen anywhere in 30 years.

Amarilus. This cousin was another daughter of uncle Thomas. The near relatives and neighbors used to call her aunt Rilly. I had seen her in my native town when a boy, besides the two different times when I met her in Derby in 1854. She lived to a good old age, and passed all her earthly career in her birth-place, and died unmarried. She was an intelligent and amiable Christian lady. Always ready to sympathize with the sick and afflicted ones, and universally respected and beloved by a large circle of friends and acquaintances.

She bore a striking resemblance to the Marthas and Marys of old, and retained her vigor and helpfulness, far into the shadowy evening of life.

Phebe Gilbert. This is another daughter of uncle Thomas, that I cannot pass in silence. She was brought up in the same vicinity as the others, but when I first knew her, she was the wife of Obed Olmstead, and resided in my(page 26) native town, Galway. I had a much longer acquaintance with her and family than with those just mentioned.

Their children were Abby Jane, Polly Lorin, Phebe Ann, and Lucius. They were near my age, and I often met them in the social circle. Their oldest daughter, with 7 other persons, united with the Presbyterian Church in Galway, on the same day with me, Mar.14th 1830.

One of these, Abijah Green, became a gospel minister, and another, Eliza Stratton, became the wife of Rev. Levi Rose. In after years the family left for Connecticut, except Abby Jane who married Ephraim Hewitt. I visited them once after that, when we took that journey through Connecticut and Massachusetts in 1854.

But how greatly the scene had changed! The parents were very aged and infirm. I found Phebe in a declining state, and Obed was totally blind. On a certain night he retired with only the dim sight that is common to elderly people, but destined to realize in the morning the sad disappointment, that the light of his eyes had been ex- (page 27)
tinguished. Henceforth, to pass the remnant of his days in the darkness of midnight. But they have both long since descended into the tomb, to wake in that glorious morning, when none shall say, "I am sick", neither shall they need the light of a candle, 'neither light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light.'

6th. Joel Gilbert. Of this uncle I have no knowledge whatever. And it seems strange too, that I should have heard nothing of him, in infancy or manhood.

7th. Anner Gilbert. Of this aunt however I am especially constrained to speak. How can I forbear? For except my own father, of all my grandfather's family, Aunt Anner is the only one whom I ever saw. I had scarcely heard of her until some 40 years ago. It was therefore a joyful surprise to learn that a sister of my father resided in Oxford, some 30 miles away. Her first husband was a Seeley. But she was then Deacon Curtis' widow. (page 28)

At my first interview with her, I immediately recognized a very striking family resemblance. She was about as old as my father was late in life, as I remember him, and her features were so strongly marked, I verily believe, had I been told that she was present in a group of elderly ladies, I should have selected her as my father's sister, without a formal introduction.

8th.Sarah Ann Gilbert. But of this aunt I am sorry to have nothing to report. Whether her life was long or short, she must have been an object of some care and solicitude, and somebody might have handed down to posterity a written or verbal statement.

9th. Agur Gilbert. This uncle was the youngest of my grandfather's family. Personally I knew nothing of him. Still, from boyhood I remember he was often spoken of. He resided in Madison Co. not many miles south of Utica, many (page 2
years, and with our present modes of communication, we can hardly account for such neglect of sociability. Father often spoke of him, or, perhaps saw some friend that had called on him, but I do not remember that they ever visited each other. Nor did they often write letters to each other, if at all. Of course in those years, people had not the cheap postage that we have, nor the modern habit of frequent correspondence; and relatives 200 miles away were about as inaccessible, as they are now, in San Francisco.

After all, I have taken some pains, when passing through the region, to call on uncle Agur's family, as many as possible. He must have died many years ago, but I have seen cousins John, and Agur, and Mrs. Barber, and should be glad of a personal acquaintance with them. But unfortunately I do not know their Post Office address, nor even in what towns they reside. It is certainly my neglect, that I did not obtain such facts of them. (page 30)

Up to this point, it might seem as though I had written quite an elaborate History of the Gilbert family. That may be, as regards the genealogy. And yet, on reflection, I consider this review of our branch of the family, only what an outline is to a picture, or a skeleton to a discourse. For, there are other relatives, more or less distant, that might properly be noticed. And also, there are incidents connected with those already mentioned, and even with those not named, especially interesting to me, and may they not be worth recording?

And here I pause. Not because there are no other topics. But first, they are so numerous. And secondly, some of them may seem irrelevant and far fetched. And thirdly, the last of a speech or treatise, should be the best and most attractive.

But how can a man be expected to so arrange incidentals, as to form a perfect climax? A regularly ascending series, ever increasing in interest, and in the pleasure (page31) they afford to those who read them? But is it not our great business in life, to gather up the fragments, and not despise the day of small things?

Silas Seeley. This is the name of a cousin in Oxford, with whom I formed an acquaintance while at Greene. He was a son of aunt Anner, by her first husband. He was a large man, about middle-aged, and had been a very industrious and hard working mechanic. Lately however, and for some time, he had been gradually and constantly declining in health. And so inveterate and incidious was his disease, it defied all the skill of physicians, of whatever school.

The main difficulty was indigestion. The habit of the stomach was, soon to eject all food introduced, however nutritious or palatable. Therefore the inevitable result must be, if it continued long, death by starvation. And sure enough, nothing but a post mortem examination revealed the terrible secret. It was found, that the secretory (page 32) organ situated below the stomach, called the pancreas, or more commonly the milt, was badly diseased. And without such examination, his malady even could not have been known, and hence, a cure was utterly impossible.

I became somewhat interested in the family of this sufferer, and particularly in his daughter Huldah, who was acquiring an education, and for this purpose was for a time a member of our family.

In later years, this second cousin married a Mr. Jeffords, a teacher by profession. Her second husband is Samuel W. Kinney, a respectable farmer in South Oxford. She has a married daughter by her first husband, in Charleston the Capital of West Virginia.

Naomi Leonard. I mention just one more cousin, and daughter of aunt Anner. I have seen Naomi but little(page 33 but I know of her, and Huldah wrote a few lines recently concerning her. She is a widow, about 90 years old, and has been blind for several years. She retains her mental faculties remarkably well, and is amply provided for, through the kindness of a married daughter and her husband, Hector Beecher, near West Coventry.

Betsey Turner. More than half a century ago, this cousin came from Connecticut to Galway, on a visit among the relatives. I cannot now tell, to which uncle's family she belonged, but think she was a daughter of one of father's brothers. She was a widow, some 45 years old, and brought with her an interesting daughter Eliza.

Rev. Samuel Gilbert. While residing at Windsor, a young man of my acquaintance introduced me to his uncle, Rev. Samuel Gilbert, a minister of the Baptist denomination. After a few moments spent in conversation, as usual among yankees, we had to inquire after each other's whereabouts.(page34 But when I spoke of my native town, he remarked, that, when a boy, his father resided in Galway, and he used to say, that he had a cousin living in the Eastern part of the town. That being true, I never doubted, but that cousin was my father, though I have no recollection of his saying anything about it. I presume Samuel told me his father's name, but I was disappointed, that he knew nothing of his ancestors, nor even the name of his grandfather. And hence we could not define our relationship. He told me one of his sons was a member of the firm of Eaton Gilbert and co., car manufacturers in Troy N.Y.

John Gilbert. I recollect a student at Union College, who bore my father's name. He was a talented young man, andIunderstood he was popular, as a writer for some paper. He was not a member of my class, neither did we cultivate any special acquaintance, and I am sure I did not regard (page 3 the circumstance as I should now, but he reported himself from New Haven Conn. We did not get any clue to our kinship, but if he was connected with our branch of the Gilbert family, he must evidently have been a great grandson of father Abraham.

My father in early life.

Should there be no more reference to him in early life, his biography would be very incomplete. I do not pretend to give a history of his boyhood. I have not the means, and therefore, an effort toward it would be a failure.

He learned the trade of a leather manufacturer. In those days, what might be considered 3 different trades were combined, and learned during the same apprenticeship. That is, a man would become a tanner, a currier, and a shoe-maker, at the same time. So that, he might, by practice, become an expert in either, or all of them. It was really one business in 3 branches. We may safely, (in that period of our national history,) infer, that he (page 3 had not only completed his apprenticeship, but was in business for himself, when he enlisted in the Army for Independence.

For at that time, (in 1776) he was 24 years old. I refer to this now, to show his patriotism. His self-denial, right in the prime of life. Whether he was married then, or not, I cannot say. But if he was, and was needed at home, so much the greater the self-denial.

However that was, he laid aside an honorable and lucrative employment, when called to bear arms for his Country. But, lest I presume too much, let us see.

Suppose him to have been laborious, industrious, and prudent, during those 3 years, much might certainly have been anticipated, in providing for himself a home, and getting a fair start in business. Therefore the omission of this must nave been a great sacrifice of time and opportunity, and with no reasonable prospect of an adequate financial compensation; whatever should be the (page 37) final result of the bloody controversy between the 13 feeble colonies, and Great Britain, with all Her men and means, and experience, and munitions of war.

My Father as a Soldier.

I always understood him to have been in the Continental Army, during, or nearly 3 years, 1776, '77, and '78. Then, we may suppose his marriage to have been as early as sometime in the winter of 1778. He enlisted in a company that belonged to a regiment raised in Connecticut in June 1776. He seems to have been in and about New Jersey, through the remainder of that year.

Fort Washington.

After the battle of Long Island, in August, and the battles at Harlem, and at White Plains in October, General Washington retreated through New Jersey, leaving nearly 3000 men at Fort Washington, under the command of Col. Magaw. That fortress was situated at the highest point of a promontary on the west side of Manhattan Island, and about 10 miles north of the Southern point of the (page 38) Island. Its precise location is not far from what is now the 185th street in New York City.

On Nov. 15th 1776, Sir Wm. Howe, commander of the British forces, having determined to capture the Fort if possible, sent a summons to Col. Magaw, to surrender, or, by a refusal thereof, to be put to death by the sword. The Colonel replied, that he should defend his position to the last extremity. On the morning of the 16th the Royal Army made 4 different and desperate attacks, and by 4 different leaders, Gen. Matthews, Col. Stirling, Lord Percy, and Gen. Kuyfhausen with a large body of Hessians. In all, some 5000 and more than double the number of our men in the garrison.

Soon after the break of day the cannonading commenced and continued with great fury and disaster on both sides, until noon.

But, unhappily, 'The force of the assailants was too great to be resisted, and the Fort too small to contain all the men', although more than 200 had been slain or taken prisoners, and their ammunition was nearly exhausted. (page 39) Consequently, in this hopeless condition, and, to avoid further sacrifice of his men, having been again summoned to surrender, Col. Magaw yielded to the inevitable necessity,

and our disheartened soldiers were compelled to obey the humiliating order; march out of the Fort, and ground arms, and surrender. The great majority reluctantly obeyed, while many, terror-stricken, and crushed in spirit, in that fearful moment of desperation, took the responsibility upon themselves, and some ran one way, and some another. To barns, and the woods, and wherever there was even a forlorn hope of escape, or protection, or concealment.

Twenty eight of the men, (my father included in the number,) ran down the bank of the Hudson river, where they discovered, high and dry, an old dilapidated boat, without any oars, which they immediately shoved into the water, and all jumped aboard, and headed her toward the opposite bank. Some rowed with the breech of their guns, while others baled out the water with their hats, as the long-(page 40 neglected craft now "leaked like a riddle".

In the meantime their relentless pursuers were after them, and British bullets came whizzing by them on every side. But by their low position, the balls passed over them, and the current soon carried them beyond their reach, and one man only was wounded in the hand. Of course he made an ado; but was soon hushed to silence, by the fearful alternative, to stop his noise, or be thrown overboard. In this extremely perilous condition, they crossed the river diagonally, and reached the western bank, 2 miles below, and safely landed at Fort Lee. Those of their comrades who were taken and held prisoners of war, were packed away in the close and filthy quarters of prison-ships, and but few of them comparatively survived, and returned to their homes after a long confinement, privation, and suffering.

In this engagement, though the British were victorious, having more than double the number of men, yet, such a victory cost them the loss of a thousand brave soldiers.

My father seems to have joined the Army again immediately, and to have gone into New Jersey. (page41)

Corporal's Warrant.

Here is a faithful copy of a warrant given just before the battle of Trenton.

"To John Gilbert Greeting:

Reposing special confidence in your fidelity, courage, and good conduct; do appoint you the First Corporal in a Company of a Regiment raised in Connecticut June last, for the purpose of maintaining our freedom of religion, commanded by Philip Burr Bradley Esqr. You are therefore diligently to discharge the duty of a corporal, in exercising the company to which you belong, for which this is your sufficient warrant.

Given under my hand and seal
att

Maxfield Dec. 24th 1776 Elijah Abel Capt

Roll of Company.

A copy of the roll of the company to which father belonged in the continental army.

Typist's note: names are in two columns, with - or . or x preceding many of the names, Some names have lines drawn through them. One name was written vertically in the column, evidently an addition. So far as possible the arrangement in the written page is here duplicated.c.h.g.)

	John Gilbert		.	Reuben Chapman
-	Sergt. Samuel Gould		.	Benjn Daton
.	Sergt David Bennett		x	Timothy Deforest
.	Sergt Joseph Fairchild		.	Moses Eaton
	Sergt Joseph Bulkley		-	Jabez Elwood
-	Corpl John Merchant			Joseph Frost
.	Corpl John Gilbert	D		John Fuller
	Corpl Levi Whitney	a	-	John Fairchild
	Corpl Nathn Coley	v		Eliphelet Garlick
.	Fif David Williams	i		David Gilbert
-	Fif Freegift Patchen	d		Isaac Godfrey
.	Peter Andreas			Josiah Green
.	Betholomy Baker	B	-	Elisha B. Hawley
	Noah Banks	e	.	Phineas Hill
.	Aaron Bennett	n	.	Gotham Hubbell
	~~Daniel Barlow~~	n	-	Abel Jackson
.	Nathn Bennett	e		David Lacey
	Samuel Bennett	t		Reuben Lyon
	Samuel Blackman	t		Samuel Lyon
	Jehiel Blackman			Hezekiah Lyon
	Benjn Bundy			Willm Lang
	Edmon Burr		-	Josiah Meeker
	Willm Burritt		-	Chauncey Merchant
	John Byington		-	David Osborn
	David Burton		-	Isaac Perry
	Ichabod Perry			Eliphelet Sherwood (page 43)
	Nathanl Perry			Andrew Squire
	Joseph Pulford		.	Nathn Thomson
	Saml Price		.	Danl Treadwell
	Willm Ramon		.	David Turrill
	Jonathn Robinson			Nathn Winton
	John Russeguie		.	Amos Turrill
	John Read		x	~~David Whiteing~~
	Jesse Rowland		x	~~Aaron Waley~~
	Hezekiah Rowland			Saml B. Wells
	Bethuel Sherwood			Ned Hackson
	John Sherwood			Philip Hulbert
	Francis Hutenox			Saml Squire
	John Hurlbert	x		

Battle of Trenton

As my memory serves me, whenever I heard father's war stories, how often I heard the names of Trenton, Monmouth, Bordentown, Brunswick, and others!

They seem to me like household words. The story of the capture of the Hessians was always familiar to him. He always told it with so much earnestness, I could not doubt his participation in it, and his having been an eye-witness.

For a long time, Washington had been closely pursued (page 44) by Cornwallis, and he felt the necessity of making some bold and efficient effort for his defence.

He knew also, that Col. Rahl who fought our men so desparately at the capture of Fort Washington, had established himself at Trenton, with an army of Hessians a thousand strong, and, that 500 British cavalry had already arrived to cooperate with him. Therefore with two such leaders as Rahl and Cornwallis, watching intently for his capture, General Washington became fully aware of his danger, but how could he defeat them?

But the Christmas Holiday was approaching, and, with a pretty good knowledge of the habit of the Germans, if he could but surprise them in the midst of their festivities, with one bold push, he could effect his deliverance. Therefore, on the night of Dec. 25th 1776, with an army of 2400 men, he crossed the Delaware with flat boats, notwithstanding a strong current filled with floating ice, while a violent storm of sleet and snow beat heavily upon them. At 4 o'clock on the morning of (page 45) the 26th he landed on the Jersey shore, some 8 miles above Trenton. Advancing in 2 divisions, they arrived nearly at the same time from opposite directions, and surprised the enemy at about sunrise. The British cavalry barely escaped with their lives. Col. Rahl was mortally wounded, some 30 of his men were killed, his army was captured, and all his munitions of war were taken. While Washington lost but 4 men. Two were killed, and such was the extreme severity of the season two were frozen to death.

I have had it from source, that just before the engagement, a dispatch was sent to Col. Rahl, announcing his danger; but he was too much taken up with the occasion, or confused, after a day and night spent in revelry, even to read it, or was not fully aware of its import, until it was too late. He had neither power to defend himself, nor time to flee. I think my father's version of it was, that the commander, and the Hessians generally, knew nothing of it, until our men were upon (page 46) them, and their guns went pop, pop, pop.

He represented them as large burly men, inspired by no patriotism. They had nothing to gain in the final result of the war. Simply mercenary soldiers.

On the 18th of Sept. 1868, I well remember a conversation with a gentleman on board a Rail-road train, as we passed up the Delaware from Philadelphia.*

*(margin: He showed me about where General Washington crossed the Delaware, on his way before the battle of Trenton, when he captured a thousand Hessians. He also pointed out the house where he rested himself and his men, after the battle was over.)

PATRIOTISM.

In regard to genuine patriotism, our family need never be ashamed. These incidents that occupy so large a space in this narrative, by no means include all that has occured, implying self-denial for the political inheritance which we enjoy. As my memory serves me, father used to say, that one of his brothers was in the army, took the small-pox, recovered, came home not thoroughly cleansed, and gave the disease to another brother,

and my impression is, that the case proved fatal. On the roll of his company you find the name David Gilbert, I suppose one of his paternal cousins, and also Chauncey (page 47) Merchant, who was probably a maternal cousin. Another is Benjamin Bundy. I have no knowledge of him, but he may have been a relative. This I know. When old Deacon Solomon Bundy of Oxford came over to visit his son, Doct. O.T. Bundy, after scraping acquaintance awhile, he said, "Your father was my father's cousin" or second cousin.

My brother Cyrus was in the war of 1812, and his son-in-law, B.Dighton Eckler was in the war of the Rebellion. They are in Arlington Mich. Soon after the war, Betsey (Gilbert) Eckler wrote me in regard to her 3 little ones, and her family cares, while her husband was a soldier, with thousands of others who left their families, and many of them never to return. But she was so thankful that he was spared to return unharmed. Also A.B.Cady, the husband of Eliza(Gilbert), David's daughter. He resided at Omro Wis. when the war came on, and during those long and gloomy years, he did what he could for the soldiers and their families, and he recruited all he could, and spared neither time nor money, until he could stand it no longer, and then went himself to the front,(page 48) having closed out his business hastily at quite a sacrifice. And when he was mustered out, his health was very much impaired.

Also Abijah's son Benjamin H. of Minn. assisted in the same effort to perpetuate our Government, and secure our Nation undivided.

And, to come hearer home, our own son-in-law, O.B. Bruce was enrolled, and on duty, to accomplish the same noble effort. Neither have I reason to doubt, that many others of our kindred made similar sacrifices, and more, I have never heard of any who were disloyal, or hesitated to maintain the honor of the Constitution, or sympathize with those who suffered personally because of the war.

I look upon a resort to arms as a very great evil, to be sanctioned only for protection, self-defence; for conquest, ambition, military glory, never.

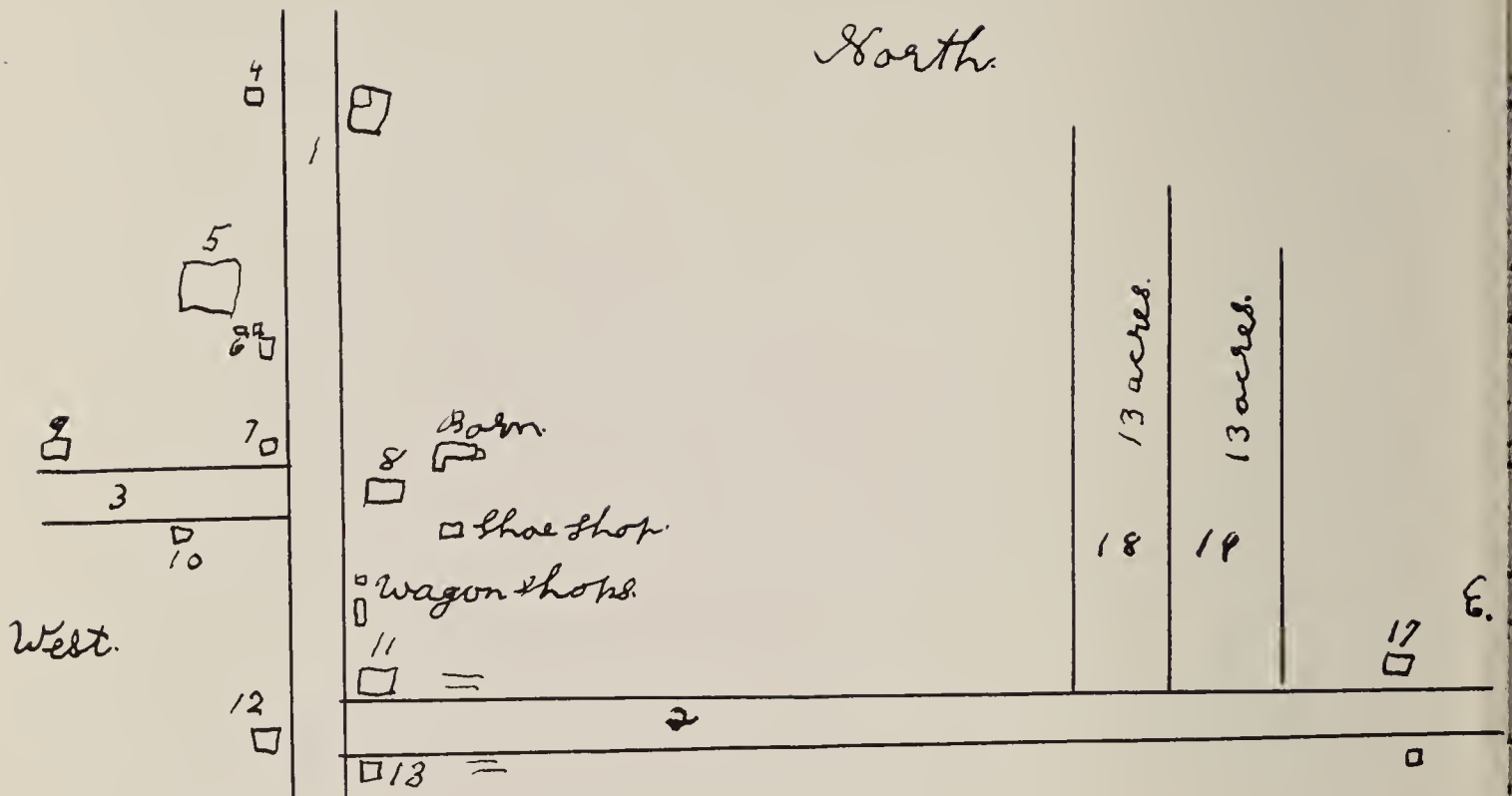
I have often heard father say, that the army was a good school. But, my reply was, that it had bad teachers. I may do for a man whose object is to study human nature. It is indeed a trial, a severe test of the virtue of men, to (page 49) be in the midst of temptation, and a blessing is pronounced upon those that endure.

But where can men go, or in what circumstances can they be placed, that shall more thoroughly call into action the very worst passions of men possible, if it is not in the army?

The Old Homestead.

It is fair to presume, father left the army in 1778, and returned immediately to Connecticut, where he married, and engaged in his peaceful occupation, and remained till near the close of the 18th century.

As to the reasons of his migration from Huntington to Galway Saratoga Co. N.Y. I have no positive information, but suppose it was through the influence of Elijah Curtis, as Mrs. Curtis and father's second wife were sisters. They resided one mile south of the homestead, and it would be very natural for one to influence the other. But however that is, the place of my nativity should be regarded with interest. (page 50)



1. North & South road, to Charlton, Schenectady, & Albany. Ballston & Saratoga.
2. East & west road, to ~~Galway corners, & Johnstown, & Utica.~~
3. East & west road to the Corners, & Johnstown, & Utica.
4. Comstock, & barn & sheds opposite.
5. Cemetery.
6. Ashley's house & barn.
7. Where widow Thompson lived.
8. The Gilbert homestead.
9. Mr. Beers.
10. School house.
11. Tavern, & = barns & sheds.
12. Mr. Edgcomb, tanner, & currier, & Shoemaker.
13. Store.
14. Tenant house near the tannery & Shops.
15. Dr. Northrop.
16. Mr. Ashley, farmer.
17. Tavern, & barn opposite.

The farm upon which I first saw the light, and where I spent my youthful days is located in the Eastern part of the town. On the East 7 miles is the village of Ballston Spa, the county seat. North of East 12 miles is the city of Saratoga. On the South 15 miles is the city of Schenectady, East of South 30 miles is the city of Albany, the capital of the State.

On the west 3 miles is Galway corners, a considerable of a country village, with several church edifices, and numberpus places of business. Twenty miles west is Johnstown, the county seat of Fulton county, and to the city of Utica 80 miles.

I think the farm originally must have included 80 acres, or one half of a quarter section. It was not bounty land either. It was on the southwest corner of a section, and the public highway passes North and South on the West side, and East and West on the South side. Somebody(perhaps in the 18th century), sold off an acre on the southwest corner, which has generally been occupied as a stand for a public Hotel. Sometimes also a store has been connected (page 51) with it, or opened and furnished on the opposite corner. Subsequently, however, father diminished the size of his farm by the sale of 26 acres from the Southeast corner.

Evidently then he had but 53 acres left, both for agricultural purposes, and wood-lot. But, many years afterwards, he joined with his neighbor, on the East, and purchased the 26 acres, dividing them equally between them, each taking half, or 13 acres. By this purchase, the farm contained 66 acres, and probably so continues.

I should judge, when he first occupied it, but little improvement had been made upon it. Ever after his settlement there he retained but one branch of his former business, that is, boot and shoe-making. And still, this might be considered incidental, while his main business was taking care of his farm, cutting down trees, clearing off land, and cultivating crops. His four older sons were soon away (page 52) for themselves. I do not remember them at all as young men. Doubtless he did as well as could be expected of one attempting to carry on two such different kinds of employment. But when his younger sons grew up, and learned to work, it removed the burden somewhat from his hands.

He was industrious, and very good in making plans. I have often heard him say, "It is half to contrive." And I heartily accord with the sentiment, that, a job is about half done, when you have formed a definite and judicious plan of it, and the work is well begun. He well knew how much depended on his presence with us. More was accomplished when he said, "Come boys", than when he said "Go boys." And this he did, willingly laboring with his own hands, till late in life. But he never was what would now be called a skillful and successful farmer. Much of the management and labor was necessarily by us who had but little experience. We worked after a sort. But I have seen since, that unless(page 53) father was along, there was not the amount of work accomplished that there might have been.

We got along somehow. But I wonder. There were often too many bosses. Too much ordering each other around. Our crops were often light. We had to meet disappointments, and pay expenses, as best we could. There was but a small income for the anticipated outlay. The difficulty was, we

had so little to spare in exchange for money, that all are expected to have. Many farmers raised horses, cattle, sheep, and various kinds of produce for market. We did indeed sometimes have a surplus of rye, or oats, or butter, or pork. But these were usually exchanged for our groceries in town, and often at low figures. If we had a load of produce to dispose of, our real market was at Albany, 30 miles away, and a single trip occupied 2 days, and part of 2 nights. But I must not encroach upon the next topic. (page 54)

Domestic Economy.

As a family, we were expected to help ourselves. And this we usually did, or went without. And, perhaps it was the best way, in the long run.

The prophet says, "It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth." It teaches one to be self-reliant. In defraying expenses anywhere, much depends on the management. It is well to economize. Being upon a farm, we always kept sheep, and had their wool. And, generally, we cultivated some amount of flax. And with these raw materials, with a little extra expense, we manufactured our own cloth, and made our own garments, for both summer and winter wear. During my youth our family consisted of 7 persons. Father made our shoes and boots, and when Abijah was quite a young man he did very good work upon the bench. And I too, when out of school, or not otherwise engaged, worked in the shop with father. Also during long winter evenings, and odd hours. That is, I could do light work. Such as closing, or stitching, or(page55) driving pegs. Having one to superintend, I was soon able to cobble, and sometimes I was allowed to try my skill on a pair of children's shoes. And I could now make a pair of shoes of any size, if I had the materials for them, cut and made ready, and the tools, and the time for it, although I have not done such work in more than half a century. Yes, either sewed or pegged. And so, a great many things that are learned early in life, are never forgotten. The same is true in farming. How many things, if practiced when young, in any of the varieties of out door work, are always familiarly understood! We boys, whether right or left handed, would shear the sheep, (although one of the most difficult and vexing kinds of work a man ever does.) We would then send the wool to the carding machine to be carded, and dress our own flax, even making all the peculiar implements for that work. Mother and Huldah would spin and weave these into cloth, and make nearly all our garments. Our fulled cloth was colored (page 56) and dressed by the clothier at the factory. Sometimes if we had a choice piece, or chanced to get a few yards at the store for some special purpose, we would go to a tailor, and be measured, and have him cut the garments for us, and then employ a tailoress, who would come to the house, and do the most difficult parts of the work, in making up our garments.

Of course we had no electric lights then, nor gas, nor kerosine. We used whale-oil for light in the shop, and prepared tow-wicking, and dipped our own candles for the house.

Such a mode of life, (and I have given you only a sample of what we were required to do,) made us know how to live within ourselves. It was indeed an independent mode of life, after a fashion. We had many lessons of economy taught us, which we have often practiced since. It was a cheap way of getting on through life, 'alias' frequently doing without the luxuries, and many of the necessaries that are common to civilization. (page57)

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The Twenty Six Acres.

And what about them? Well, they were sold off from the old farm, probably seventy years ago, and, after a long period, half of them were purchased and added to it again. Now if this statement excites any curiosity, let me say, the same, or similar circumstances might have occurred in any other family. I have no recollection of the sale of those acres, and have the facts in the transaction, only from hearsay evidence.

When Hannah Wheeler became father's second wife, a kind providence permitted her just to bring along some of the needful, as any sensible girl would like to do. Say, a few pounds in money, or their equivalent in pergquisites, a few hundred dollars worth. How the patrimony was applied, whether it paid up an old score on the real estate, or was expended for furniture, or for other personal property, I cannot say.

But, in process of time, it came to pass, after giving birth to two sons, David Wheeler Gilbert, and Cyrus Gilbert, the poor afflicted woman sickened and died. (page 58) And then, (but at what time the effort was made, I cannot tell,) there was anxiety for these little half orphan children, as if needy. A sister of the deceased wife, Mrs. Content Curtis, (we used to call her aunt Tenty), or Elijah Curtis, or somebody else seemed to know, or thought they knew, that those little ones ought not to be left to suffer. I should not wonder if gossip knew a great deal about father's affairs, just then. Now, it may be good, to be 'Content', but I think it a great deal better, to be contented. I have no doubt father wished to be kind, and avoid the speech of people, (especially of some people,) and therefore, he surveyed off 26 acres of his farm, and sold them for $600, which were divided equally betwen the 2 boys, $300 to each. Now, at this late day, I do not pretend to say, at what time this money was given to them. Not of course in baby-hood, nor in childhood. But I have (page 59) always had the impression, that it was long before they knew the precise value of a Dollar. I apprehend it gave them an idea, that they had had a 'windfall'. However that was, I have ever understood it, that it was soon gone.

Perhaps some would say, 'imprudently', and others 'unnecessarily.' But it escaped them. Came easy, went easy. So that, at the age of 25 or 30 years, neither of them was materially better off for the inheritance. Financially, it was regarded as not wise, but otherwise. They doubtless saw unfortunate days. And who has not? Such incidents try the mettle of any man, young or old. They did not seem to accumulate much property, and some hinted that they lacked in calculation. But whether that was so or not, I calculate it is a good thing to have.

David, (as you observe in the genealogy), had 2 wives. Four children by the first, and one by the second. But I guess he had more property than Cyrus. But, in reference to his children, Cyrus could say, more emphatically than any of us, "These are my jewels." His beloved Nancy bare him 12 children. Two died in infancy. The first-born, (page 60) after 3 months and 3 days, and the last-born, one of a pair of twins, at the age of 1 year and 10 months. The parents were married Dec. 17th 1815, and had 8 children by May 3rd 1833. A pair of twins Oct. 11th 1836, and still another pair Aug. 11th 1838. Cyrus lived 66 years, 11 months and 10 days; and Nancy, 80 years, 1 month and 13 days.

The Real Estate.

My father died, Nov. 22d 1829. Brother Abijah was Administrator of the estate. The personal property was soon appraised and sold, the debts were paid, and legacies forwarded to the first 5 heirs who had had certain time or benefits previously.

Mother was to have one third of the income from the farm, during her natural life, and then, the farm was to be sold, and the avails divided equally between the 5 younger heirs. Ezra and I were upon the farm one or two years, and then I was there only in vacations. Soon, Abijah married, and made the homestead his permanent residence. Mother and Huldah kept house by themselves, though all in the same house. Abijah managed the farm, built shops (page 61) made carriages, and had the whole control. Ezra married and went to Upper Canada, Abijah became involved, a creditor wanted his money, in lieu of which he took possession of, or laid claim to a share of the farm, sued in Chancery, and obtained an order to sell the property, and divide it among the heirs. Consequently each one had to defend himself, or risk a loss. The Court decreed, that after the farm was sold, mother should receive $26.23, Lawyers fees were to be paid, and also costs of Court.

The amount for the farm sold was $1037.50, fees and costs $541.68, leaving for the heirs $495.82, or $93.91½ for each heir. Abijah and family left for Wisconsin, Sept. 22d 1847, and Huldah and mother, with their little effects, went to Galway corners, and hired rooms, to shirk for themselves.

On Feb. 22d 1848, more than 18 years after father's death, I received $93.91½. I used to estimate the property at 1200 to 1500 Dollars, and, as much as I needed money during my studies, I never would have sold my share for less than $200. I was willing to let all remain (page 62) undisturbed while mother could be benefitted by it. And that was the practical consent of all. We meant well. But as for me, financially, I should have been better off with $50 put at interest, with the interest let continually during the 18 years, than to receive what I did.

Whipping the Cat.

As I have said, father was a Shoemaker. That was his trade. But, in order to conduct the affairs of his farm, keep it up, and cultivate crops, he found it necessary to divide his sympathies and energies between these two modes of livelihood. In olden times, especially in an agricultural community, whenever a farmer slaughtered an ox,

or a calf, or a sheep, he took the skin to a tanner, and paid him for manufacturing it into leather. During the fall or winter, he would employ a shoe-maker to come to his house, and work up his stock, into boots and shoes, for the family, for the coming year. It had been father's habit, in the summer or fall, to make (page 63) engagements in advance, and so, when the time arrived, to fulfil accordingly. And, at the appointed time, he would put his tools in order, prepare his wax, lay in a stock of choice linnen shoe thread, pack up his kit and start off bright and early on Monday morning, to spend the week in one or more families, and return on Saturday evening.

To engage in this business, and follow it up in this manner, was technically called "Whipping the cat". Yes, all that sounds very well in theory. But, suppose you examine it practically. What does such an one leave at home? Send his family off visiting, and lock up his house? Not at all. Wrong time of year. And besides, there are cares at home. Work and necessary chores that require attention at home. There is a yard of cattle that must be fed and cared for daily. Somebody must prepare for fires, in the old fashioned way of warming apartments. Some days will be stormy, blustering, severely cold. It implies, and requires great responsibility somewhere, to oversee properly all the barn chores, and see that every necessary want is supplied at the house. Upon whom will all this rest mainly? Will the wife (page 64) cheerfully assume it? Or, shall such a burden be put upon her, in addition to her care and anxiety for half a dozen little children? Is that adequate? Is it kind? Is it just?

But the scene changes sometimes. There must be, at the close of the week, the Saturday evening greeting. On his return, the husband may find himself fatigued, hungry, vexed with some perplexing disappointment, and half sick. And, as we have usually seen human nature; we may safely predict, that a father who is absent so great a proportion of time, and yet finds every thing satisfactory on his return, in-doors and out, must have been very successful in his instruction and example.

Saturday you know is pay-day among business men, and what if Saturday night should be a period of reckoning now and tehn among a lot of careless and wayward boys, inasmuch as the best of us make mistakes sometimes? In after years however, father built a very convenient shoe-shop, and his customers brought their stock to him, (page 65) and he labored at home. And that new departure was a decided success. Better for health, more profitable financially, and brought with it a savor of domestic happiness.

Family Gathering.

David Alden of Windsor raised a very large family of children.

His daughter Charlotte once remarked to me, that her father never saw all his family together. The fact surprised me. It seemed next to impossible. On reflection however, as I revolved the thought, it occurred to me, there might be other instances.

And the inquiry immediately arose, whether my father ever saw all his family together? And the more I doubted it, the more confident I was, that the same was true in his case. And this is still my settled conviction. And why? I am the youngest of thirteen children. Three died in infancy several years before I was born. Of the ten that grew up, all were still living when the youngest was 40 years old, and then the oldest died first, beyond the '3 score years and ten.' But, some of the oldest of the family were married, and had established homes for (page 66) themselves, before I ever saw the light. My niece, Betsey Gilbert, was 2 years, 8 months, and eleven days older than I. I can just remember her calling me 'uncle Hiram,' and I would call her 'aunt Betsey', as an offset, as she was much older than I.

So was my nephew, Nathanael Pratt, evidently, considerably my senior.

And I doubt not Philo was married and away before 1809. The common mode of conveyance then was, for each man to drive his own horse, on a journey. And it is very improbable, that there was concert of action that would bring them from 50 to 200 miles for any such gathering. And such journies, (as they were then called), were accomplished only once in 2 or 3 years, if as often.

I find in my Diary, Apr. 14th 1831, "David came from the west, (probably Cayuga County,) I do not recollect as ever I see(saw) him before today." And my age then was 21 years, 7 months and 22 days. When I visited Cyrus in 1839, he said we had not met in more than 22 years. I am confident he never saw Galway after he married in Livingston Co. Dec. 17th 1815, and if so, (page 67) it was over 23 years, 2 months, and 5 days. Some previous to that, perhaps in the spring of 1815, when I remember a glympse of him, as he passed over the hill, and out of sight. And that is all I recollect of him, as a young man.

Where do you find a match for these two instances of seeing David, and Cyrus? Besides; family gatherings were not customary when I was young, as now, for parents to summon all their children and grandchildren together, and make a great supper for them, and have a good time, at Thanksgiving, Christmas day, and on New Year's Day. It may not be marvellous after all, if no such occasion occurred, seeing there were 3 mothers in the family, and virtually 3 families in one. Also, it must be very unusual, that you realize a difference of 29 years, 8 months and 11 days, between the births of the oldest and the youngest. And finally. If there had ever been such an occasion, in all probability, I should either remember it, or it would have been handed down to me by tradition. In view of all this, it is very clear in my mind, that no such luxury was ever enjoyed by our entire family, as a family gathering. (page 68)

Father as a Singer.

He was not a scientific musician. But he was fond of music, and a tolerable singer. I know he had an ear for music, enjoyed hearing it, and encouraged its cultivation in his family.

We nearly all sang. All but 4 of the 10. My impression is, that neither David nor Cyrus were singers, but I am not positive. I know that neither Ezra nor Anson were. Ezra used to whistle sometimes, but neither of them cultivated music, as boys commonly do, singing or whistling something while about their work. Neither do I remember that they manifested any special desire for it, or pleasure in listening to it.

But father's habit impressed me early. I know he had a great taste for sacred music. Many tunes and hymns were his familiar favorites.

Dalston would of course be employed in singing Psalm 122. 'How pleased and blest was I !' Wells, for 'Life is the time to serve the Lord.' Aylesbury for "Alas! the brittle clay.' Mear, for "While shepherds watched their flocks by night." Windham, with 'Broad (page 69) is the road that leads to death.' St. Martins is associated with 'Come Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove'. Also Bray, with 'Awake my heart, arise my tongue.' China, with 'Why do we mourn departing friends?' Old Hundred, perhaps with 'Ye nations round the earth'/ rejoice.'

He often used to sing these, and such, to while away an evening hour in the family. Not merely for amusement, but for our edification. It pleased him, thus to entertain his friends. I used to sit in the galery, and sing in the choir, but whether he did, I am not certain, but I know it was his rule, to take his Psalm and Hymn-book with him to church. I know he felt an interest in the praises of the Sanctuary, as well as in its instructions. (The old hymn-book lies fore me now, and how pleasing are its associations! His own plain familiar autograph is on the fly-leaf. John Gilbert His Book November 10th 1808. The book was printed in Troy N.Y. 1804.*

Personal Appearance.

Father was a man of good height. Large frame, and rather tall, though not slim. During all my acquaintance with him, he was somewhat pursy. In other (page 70) words, he usually wore a very large vest. I think he would average 200 pounds in weight. He was bald. Not merely forehead bald, but bald-headed, perhaps I may say, rather more than usual. He had what would properly be called a commanding voice. He generally spoke loud enough. Never in an undertone, requiring close attention to hear him. Nature was liberal with him. Originally, he must have had a very remarkable pair of lungs. He was social, rather genial, fond of good company, (that is not very extraordinary, is it?) and always enjoyed a chat with an old friend. It did not seem to disconcert him, nor discommode him, to converse with persons dull of hearing, or at a distance. He could be heard distinctly, even by those far away. And in giving directions to any of us about our work upon the farm, by a slight elevation of his voice, I think he would easily have been understood a mile distant. (page 71) The same was true, whenever he sneezed heartily, if the atmosphere was clear and still. But his voice was not as clear and firm toward the closing scene.

He had long been afflicted with chronic catarrh. I do not know how long. Most likely it was the effect of fatigue, hard fare, and sudden exposures while in the army. And I think the disease gradually wore upon him. By means of somebody's influence, (I know not whose or when,) he was induced to take Scotch-snuff, as a safe and beneficial remedy. He followed the prescription, not knowing, or not considering, that no cure could ever be effected by it, but more, the consequence would be, that he would retain the disease not only, but allow himself to be imposed upon, by contracting a disagreeable, and filthy, and injurious habit, far worse than the disease itself.

Toward the close of life, and for many years, he was troubled with the swelling of his feet and legs, to which he applied bandages, and different kinds of prescriptions for relief. At length he became somewhat (page 72) bloated, and evidently water was collecting in his chest. I suppose he was dropsical.

Later he had turns of bleeding at the nose. The hemorrhage was some times both profuse and alarming. The family physician was obliged to insert a tent into the part affected, which caused the blood to coagulate and cease to flow.

But, I believed the alarming affliction to be one effect of the persistent use of snuff. That the combined influence of the catarrh and snuff had weakened, or rather destroyed the mucous membrane of the nose. Probably he died, partly by disease, and partly by old age.

He seemed gradually to wear out, until nature could endure the fight no longer, but must surrender to death, that is not only a terror to kings, but the king of terrors. He was dressed, and around the house every day, and probably out of doors, though feeble. And even(page 73) on the last day of his long life, he ate with the family in the morning, was not quite as well at noon, and expired about 7 o'clock in the evening of Nov. 22d 1829, at the advanced age of 77 years, 1 month, and 1 day.

My Mother.

My mother was tall and straight. Approaching old age made but a slight impression upon her personal appearance. She was 44 years, 9 months and 21 days old at my birth. And being 12 years younger than father, I always remember both of my parents as old people. Yet age seemed not to effect mother's physical form, or appearance, materially, until she passed beyond the bounds of '3 score years and ten.'

If I may speak of her peculiarities, one was, that she did not sing. If there was music in her, it did not develop itself, but remained among latent energies and talents. Another was, her talkativeness was exceeding small. She did not, and I presume could not converse freely, and fluently, even with her most intimate friends, or nearest kindred. The "Good morning (page 74) Sir! How do you do? Let me take your hat and over-coat. Sit down, please. O, I am so glad you have come. Just excuse me a moment, and I will call my husband. He will be so delighted to see you, " was not there. And she

would not deceive, by pretending what she neither meant nor felt. When I have returned home, at the close of a term in the Academy or College, I think it not too extravagant, to represent her motherly greeting thus; "You have got home have you, Hiram? You been well?" Others would begin their salutations and inquiries, and I would try to keep up with them, and the cheerful chat would necessarily go on, while she would sit, not as an indifferent spectator, but as one who enjoyed in her own bosom, all that others expressed. At least, the interview seemed satisfactory.

Of this however, we were sure, she complained of (page 75) no deficiency. There was one other which I regarded as a blessed peculiarity; she had no relish for gossip. She neither practiced it, nor taught it, either by precept or example. And I have always been thankful, that no and cruel slander was ever traced back from one to another, until it reached Aunt Mary, (as some chose to call her), as the author of the mischief.

And yet, she was kind. Tender of a neighbor's feelings, and in her way, very sympathetic.

One more noticeable habit. She read the Bible. She literally wore out the leaves in this blessed example. And, to all appearance, she loved the sentiment of the Divine Word. But, perhaps no one ever fully understood her spiritual condition. Or, if at all, it was from what she did, and not from what she said.

Or, if I may add still one other peculiarity, (though nearly related to one already mentioned), mother was extremely reticent. It is a valuable (page 76) quality when properly cultivated. But by no means the most desirable. It is a sort of negative goodness. She was extremely diffident, unemotional, and reserved, especially so when required to express her feelings on the subject of religion. She seemed to me like one walking in a dim twilight, in a shadowy pathway. Perhaps because she could not narrate a brilliant experience, like some. But, how to account for this habit, I find not.

The beginning of it may have been from lack of instruction. Or rather, by wrong instruction. Or, what is more likely, some one not acquainted with her peculiar temperament, may have known of her anxiety on the subject of religion, in childhood, or in youth, and may have spoken harshly to her, or unadvisedly in her presence, and thus, though unintentionally, and unconsciously, have been the means, the first cause of all this (page77) darkness, and lack of enjoyment, and hindrance from usefulness, and for scores of years. Who can comprehend her timidity in early life? And then, such a soul under conviction, unwilling to converse freely, and yet seeking salvation, in silence, and alone.

How much she needed some one that understood her case, to speak kindly to her, sympathetically, and present the Saviour's loving words, and bid her come freely, and confide in him fully, as a loving friend!

How much wisdom is needed, to lead souls to Christ, even in the morning of life! The instruction for the convicted, timid, trembling ones, should be brief, clear, honest, earnest, affectionate. Come to Jesus. Come freely. Come and welcome. Come now.

From the representation above, it would seem that my mother's physical constitution must have been remarkably firm in early life. Let us see. She had attained 32 years, 4 months, and 21 days, when she accepted the position of step-mother, having charge of 2 half orphans, taking up the burdens of wedded life during hard times, and in a comparatively new country. She was a very busy woman. Always finding something to do (page 78) early and late. She superintended her household affairs and labors, and with how much hired help in doors I have never heard. But I know how it was later, and for many years, while our family consisted uniformly of 7 persons. I know that mother and Huldah did the house-work, manufactured the wool and the flax into cloth, knit the stockings, made nearly all the garments for the family, milked the cows, and made the butter and cheese. So that, from early dawn till late at eve, the week in and the week out, there was something for her to do. Cooking, washing, baking, scrubbing floors, and mending clothes. And during what many would consider odd moments, she would discover another neglected pan to wash, another dripping dish or plate to wipe, or a wet towel to be hung up. I remember now, that she was very systematic about he her work, and observed a great deal of order, though she moved about as if unconscious of it. Now then, with all these complicated labors, including thousands of minor things, what opportunity was there for intellectual culture, or even relaxation? (page 79) It seems to me now, and it always has, that the Bible was her only Book. And indeed, I do not remember her having a favorite volume upon her work-stand, to be taken up and perused for an hour, now and then, whether for edification, or only for amusement. We had not many books or periodicals. Besides our school-books and the Bible, we had the Catechism, and Brown's Dictionary of the Bible, the biographies of prominent men during the war of 1812, the prompter, the almanac, and Ballston Spa Gazette, a small weekly paper. I have some recollection of the Missionary Herald, but whether we took it regularly or not, I cannot say. But, compared with what others have now, our opportunities as a family, either for intellectual improvement, or soul-culture, were few, except the stated services of the Sanctuary upon the Lord's Day. Mother was plain in her dress and outfit, economical and prudent. Nothing for vain show. Humble and patient in her sphere. Kind and uniform in her government. If I may characterize it, it was this; precept rather small, example very large. (page 80)

I do not present her as a model woman, or insinuate her perfection by any means. She did have one very bad habit. She took snuff. And it was not the macoboy snuff, highly flavored with the pleasant-scenting snuff-bean either. But it was the old-fashioned yellow Scotch snuff. If I asked father why he took snuff, he urged a necessity, on account of catarrh. But mother's stereotyped reply to the same

question was, "because father does." What a bad example! How unhappy the influence! Is it any wonder then, that I avoid that pernicious practice, having had the disgusting example of father and mother both? I am rather of the old lady's opinion, when pronouncing her anathemas upon the filthy habit, that, if the Creator had designed her nose for a dust-pan, He would have made it the other side up.

I do not take much stock in signs, nor regard the last chapter of Proverbs as furnishing a clue to a woman's virtues. But, my mother was indeed born on the last day of the month, and Solomon was competent to make (page 81) his own estimate, "Give her of the fruit of her hands, and let her own works praise her in the gates."

For some 15 years before her decease, my mother gradually failed. She had very singular fits. They came upon her when asleep and left her in a semi-stupid condition. At first they seemed apoplectic, and alarming, but were afterwards in a milder form. At length she became more feeble, almost helpless, and worn out, until her vital powers utterly failed. She died at Galway Corners, June 14th 1848. Aged 83 years, 8 mos. and 14 days. The remains of both parents lie side by side, in the cemetery in the eastern part of the town.

A Pension?

Some may possibly inquire whether father received a pension from the government, for his services in the war? And if not, why not?

To the first question, I promptly answer, No. To the second, I reply, The first acts of Congress for the relief for Revolutionary Soldiers did not imply any benefit for such as he. He was not wounded in the service, neither did he enlist during the war. Still, he, like many others, made sacrifices in the war, and commenced anew under great embarrassment because of (page 82) the war, and were really needy and deserving. At length the liberality of Congress increased, and they passed acts including others, many of whom were needy, only because they were indolent, and profligate. I suppose for many years he might have had a pension by applying for it.

But, he felt self-reliant, and chose to gain a living by industry and economy, even though others who spent their time in idleness, drew Government funds, and squandered them away, by intemperance and slothfulness, thus robbing their needy and suffering families of their daily comforts. He rejoiced in the final success of our arms, and was thankful to come out of the bloody conflict with a whole skin, and specially grateful, that he had not become a moral wreck.

But, our government took a still more liberal and just view of the subject in after years, and extended a benefit to the widows of deceased soldiers. But the act passed required such widows to have been married previous to 1794, thus placing a fatal barrier (page 83) in the way of many, though equally deserving.

But, if they had sympathized with their husbands who were worthy, and thus had indirectly suffered for the Government, why should the precise time of their marriage, deprive them and their children from that which rightfully belonged to them, whether such marriage were previous to or after 1794? My parents, forsooth, were married 3 years after the Congressional restriction. But did that circumstance render him less worthy, as a patriot? Or, had she not virtually made self-denying sacrifices for the Government, and sympathized with him, because of the war? Then, why should her wedding day interpose a fatal or even a possible hindrance in the way of receiving her just dues? "I trow not."

But some will say, Did not Congress subsequently remove that embarrassment? O yes. To be sure they did. Not however until 1848. Not until 70 long years had passed, after my father had faithfully performed his services. And this kind act, not until allthose (page 84) widows who anticipated relief, (or nearly all of them) were dead. Also, the witnesses by whom they were to substantiate their claim, were dead.

As late as 1848, an act was passed extending relief to all widows of Revolutionary soldiers who were married to them previous to the year 1800. She lived only a few months after this, needy, worthy, feeble, dependent. And no steps have been taken to recover what might have accumulated in that brief period.

Nevertheless, our Independence was achieved by the self-denying labors, and privations, and sufferings of just such men as my father. And, I heartily join in the patriotic sentiment of posterity, and call it a profitable investment. Hardship, and sore trials, and short rations in the war, with no bounty-land, nor pension after the war. Well, "Such is life." And such too are the unwise, and even unjust discriminations of (page 85) men.

Carpenters.

It may not be very common to find 4 carpenters in a single family. As I have ever understood it, Marchant went from home early in life, served an apprenticeship, and learned the carpenters' trade. And that seemed to have been his main employment, all through life. Whatever he may have done on a farm, in boyhood, he never became a farmer. During all my acquaintance with him, he resided in Fabius Onondaga Co. N.Y. and in the village of Apulia, and owned a village lot, garden etc.

Also brother Philo, after leaving home, became a carpenter. His residence was Sempronius, Cayuga Co. and in that section afterwards organized as the town of Niles. At what time he secured that western home I do not know. But he purchased a farm, and my impression is, that he became mostly a practical farmer, working at his trade only on small jobs for accommodation, until he sold out and went to Moravia,(page 86) a village a few miles South of Niles, where he remained

comparatively retired till the close of life.

And still another brother also, Abijah was a carpenter. Not, as many do however, leaving home, and devoting a series of years in serving an apprenticeship, in learning the trade, for, (which is less common), he took it the natural way and had it easy. In short, he went into the business, and, working at it from the bent of his own inclination, he always knew just how far he had got. His practice kept up with his theory, and he was sure of what he knew. What others tell us, we may soon forget, but what we learn practically, has come to stay.

While a boy, (but I don't know how young), he began, by using such tools as are commonly found at a farm-house. Constructing small wind-mills, making dams across the brook, putting in flumes, and flutter-wheels. Imitating as best he could, what he saw others do. When he found himself defeated he kept on trying, till he overcame. And so, from step to step, he went on, meeting and overcoming new (page 87) difficulties, until he was able to repair, or build anew, almost anything needed for our accommodations, either at the house, or barn, or stable, or shed.

He studied how to make horses and cattle comfortable in the winter season. Often, when he wanted an additional tool, he would purchase one, if convenient, and if not, he would set himself at work to make one. As regards planes, and many other tools, he would get the irons at the store, but prepare the wood himself. And so he went on, from year to year, until there was but little ordinary work in the carpenter's line in the country that he could not do.

Anson, another brother, the next older than myself was also a carpenter. He was very ingenious, but not like Abijah, by intuition. He sought an opportunity to work with a skillful mechanic, a year, or year and a half, and then went and did business for himself, and became a practical and successful carpenter and house builder. For many years, after he went to Michigan, he was a member of the Saginaw (page 88) building company. But after pursuing this business diligently for many years, and having accumulated some property, and wishing to retire and establish a home for himself, he purchased a farm in the township of Flint, and hear Flint City Genesee County, and became an able farmer, where he and his family enjoyed a comfortable home many years.

I have narrated briefly concerning these 4 brothers in reference to a single branch of business which they loved and followed. But there are incidents connected with their history and that of others, which should not be overlooked.

Following the same order, I will refer to some facts worthy of notice. As one distinctive peculiarity in brother Marchant's life and history; he was a great lover of music. He early developed, not merely a fondness for it, but a decidedly musical talent, especially for vocal music.. (page 89)

And this fact has always been understood by those who best knew him. At what age this development began, I do not know. But evidently at an early period. He seems to have improved the advantages possessed in his day and position, with patience, perseverance, and to a success. It is well understood, that the circumstances connected with the study and practice of vocal music, and sacred music, have materially changed within two or three generations. And this is specially true, in country districts. It was formerly the custom among the youth of both sexes, and more particularly in the winter season, to meet together and learn to sing. Therefore to attend singing schools, was not only a very pleasant pastime, but also, by this means church music was constantly practiced, and choirs were replenished with cultivated voices. I conclude, that this brother's efforts in teaching were mostly in my native county, Saratoga. At what time he began them, I do not know. He was of age in 1800, and probably he commenced about (page 90) that time. Neither do I know how long he continued these labors, before he migrated to his western home.

But my impression is, that he was popular as a teacher, and acceptable as a leader of choirs, in public worship, till quite advanced in life. During all the years of my acquaintance with him, whenever he visited the old homestead, we anticipated and enjoyed a rich treat, in sacred music. And so when we have visited him at his own home, our closing interview was over the music book.

In conversation with an aged friend some years ago, I made some allusion to my native town, which arrested his attention, and this little incident gave a happy turn to the interview. To my surprize, I had found a man who was better acquainted with this brother than I was. Here was one who knew him well, and used to attend his singing schools.

In the winter of 1849, he made one more journey to my native region, but, the excitement of the visit, and frequent exposures in severe weather were too much for him, and he returned home, not far from his 70th birth-(page 91) day, prostrate with fever, and, after a brief period of pain and suffering, he expired. Sister Ann, who had known him for nearly half a century, uniformly healthy and cheerful, found this unexpected affliction a new and very sad experience, and, overcome with anxiety, weariness, and grief, she was unable to endure so large a draft upon her physical energies, and soon sank under the load, and followed the dear one into the dark valley. Nor was the relentless foe satisfied with these trophies even, but, with steady aim, he hurled the fatal arrow, and removed my niece, their only daughter, and only child.

And thus, three loving hearts that had beat together so long in unison, were now cold and still. And when I next visited Apulia, I called upon Philo G. Miles, my deceased brother's grandson, but, sad indeed was the prospect, to look upon the former residence of my near kindred, that had been their joyous and happy home so long, now tenantless, closed, and made silent by death. And then, to add to the tenderness of the scene, yonder were 3 newly made graves, that concealed from the living(page 92)

all that was mortal of those that were not, for God had taken them.

But they left behind them this consolation, that grace had triumphed. 'The memory of the just is blessed'. They had manifested their Christian fidelity. And we hope the song of redeeming love begun on earth, is perpetuated beyond the separating veil. 'Lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided.'

A MATRIMONIAL INCIDENT.

I here narrate an incident rather amusing, and not altogether unpleasant. At least, the proverb is, 'all is well that ends well.' I have no record of Marchant's first marriage, or of Rachel's death, nor of his second marriage. But I have an undisputed traditional history of events at that period. After a supposed courtship with Ann Arrowsmith of Ballston, by some unexpected, and (as far as I know) unexplained change in the order of things, he married Rachel Williams, of Galway. And this surprising fact, without any rupture between those loving hearts, or meddling interference by kindred of others. (page 93)

Subsequently they became parents, in the gift of a beautiful daughter, Betsey. Without a dissenting voice theirs was a happy union, strengthened and confirmed by the actual presence of a smiling infant. After a few short years of sunshine, a dark shadow fell across his pathway.

The scene changed, and his beloved Rachel sickened and died. His poor, smitten, wounded, bleeding heart yearned for comfort, and nothing was more natural, or consistent, than that it should go directly back to the object of its first love. Whatever may have been their previous engagement, or intention of marriage, as far as I know, remained a secret, known to themselves only. But soon those two lonely ones renewed their sympathies for each other, and their mutual affection could not be mistaken, and their union was publicly consummated. And they ever appeared to walk hand in hand together, in both connubial and Christian fellowship, as I have already observed, far into the evening of life.

THE FULL CUP.

Yes, filled to the brim, and overflowing. But now for the contents. It may be filled with joy, or with grief. Here is a grand theme for a pen picture.. (page 94) My niece, Betsey Gilbert, grew up a gentle, amiable, and worthy young lady. In the vicinity of their home, she became acquainted with Stephen Miles, a son of Judge Miles, and belonging to a family of fair reputation. Stephen sought her heart and hand, and they were married. The dawn of that important era in their lives was propitious.

At length, a bright-eyed boy was given them, and then another. A passing observer would have said of them, 'Happy couple. Their cup of joy was full.' Such indeed was the appearance, but only for a brief season. A cloud rose suddenly. A dark, gloomy, portentous cloud, and without casting any ill-forboding shadow of warning. An impenetrable veil concealed the prospects that appeared so fair and bright for that happy family. In one fatal moment, what was least anticipated was unmistakably true. For, he who had promised to love, and protect, and provide for that youthful mother and those little ones, had absconded, wantonly, mysteriously, and without any hint, or provocation. He had banished himself from (page 95) from every familiar friend or acquaintance. A thorough search was made for him, but to no purpose. Facilities for escape were not then as now, but, nothing that has transpired for more than half a century has disclosed the secret of his sudden disappearance.

And who can describe the anguish of her heart, that carried the burden of that living trouble till her dying day? But even this, painful as it was, was only part of the dregs of that bitter cup of sorrow. Her eldest son became a soldier in the late Mexican war, and died far away among strangers, and in a strange land. Neither has a solitary friend been able to recognize his grave even. But, how about a pension? Could not this sorrowing, broken-hearted, doubly afflicted sufferer obtain a pension from the government, on account of the patriotic services of her first-born son? No. For the father would be the first lawful heir. But he was not present to make application. And the next of kin could have no legal claim, for there was no reliable evidence of the father's death. (page 96)

THE VISITATION.

Betsey's youngest son, Philo G. Miles married Cornelia Thomas, and to them was born a son, George. Cornelia died, and Philo married again. When George was some 8 or 10 years old, Philo brought him to Greene, where Mr. Thomas, the boy's uncle taught the High-School. Philo placed his son under Mr. Thomas' care, who was to report all bills for tuition and board, with a promise to cancel them.

But he soon left for parts unknown, and caused his wife to taste the bitter dreg. He served his wife, as Stephen, his father before him had served his wife. And thus, the iniquity of the father was visited upon the son. In other words, the very same evil in the one was reproduced in the other. And if the two are not in the relation of cause and effect, it is a logical sequence. You may call it hereditary, or what you please, it is a fearful development.

But, let us pause, and look at this a moment. On what principle can we account for such conduct? I never heard aught against the parentage, or education, or early training of Stephen Miles. And yet, there was (page 97) probably an omission of some important duty. I have heard it said of Stephen, that he was a hard boy, and a fast young man, but that he had become more sedate, and it was hoped he would be a useful man.

Perhaps an anecdote may illustrate what was characteristic of him. On a time, just for his own amusement, he tied a tree-top to a colt's tail, and then let him run at large wildly. Being reproved for such conduct, his reply was, that he had sown his wild oats, and was brushing them in.

I once saw Stephen and Betsey, at my old home. He made a fine appearance. He was talented, and rather brilliant. He knew far better than he practiced. And since the desertion, Betsey again visited us. Though sad and crushed in spirit. She could give no account for the desertion. Their love for each other had always been mutual. She never had occasion to doubt his affection for her. She knew of no circumstance that led to a solution of the mystery. No financial difficulty, nor crimnal offence. He simply left home one day, as usual, and was never after recognized by any one, so far as the (page 98) community knew. The following is a copy of an answer of my letter of inquiry, directed to the Post Master in Apulia, and dated Jan. 18, 1870. "Dear sir: Philo G. Miles, of whom you speak, has never been heard of since he left this place. Whether he is dead or alive, no one here can tell. His son George, I do not know anything about, farther than, I should think, two or three years ago, I received a letter directed to Post Master from him, inquiring about his father etc. He was then, from his letter, in New York City. I immediately wrote him, requesting an answer, but have never heard from him since. Philo G. Miles' wife has obtained a divorce from him, and married again. The name I do not know, and they are now living, I think, either in New York or Philadelphia."

And now, for the probabilities. What has become of George? He must have been about 21 years old when he inquired after his father, and that is the last we hear of him. If living, he is now some 36 years old, and has doubtless found his way into some respectable family, and won the affections of some fair damsel, and, by this time, he too has absconded, and broken her heart, and left (page 99) innocent little ones to be cared and provided for by others. And, if so, see the force of the expression, 'visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the 3rd and 4th generation of them that hate me.' Here is evidently the 3rd generation; and who knows but the same offence existed in previous generations? A disposition to be lost in the crowd, and perhaps pass along by an assumed name. He writes no more to friends in Apulia. Henceforth "incog".

It would be amusing, and perhaps shed some light upon this dark subject, were we able to get answers to a few questions concerning Judge Miles, or some of his ancestors. A yankee guesses there was some excentricity somewhere, certainly this side of the garden of Eden.

LUCY (GILBERT) PRATT.

My sister Lucy married Job Pratt, and probably in Galway in (1805). But always since my remembrance, they resided in Salisbury Herkimer Co. N.Y. Job was a farmer and largely in the dairy business. His specialties were butter and cheese, and maple sugar. They visited the (page 100) homestead occasionally, when we always had a good time.

They were healthy, cheery, and well to do.

My nephew Nathanael, married Almira and built a house on a section of the farm, and they raised two sons and three daughters. He died long since, and the widow and children moved to Charlotte Mich.

Huldah Maria married George Ten Eyck, and for many years remained in the homestead, (keeping house by themselves,) and raised three sons. Huldah died, and the family went to Auburn, and George married again. One son died, and one is a travelling artists photographer. With peculiar interest, I once looked in upon George's grandson, my great grand nephew.

Ann Pratt was a good Christian girl. But although my sister was a faithful member of the Presbyterian church, she chose to unite with the Baptists. She died at her brother-in-law's in Auburn, many years ago. Sister Lucy was said to have been very slim in youth. I have heard it, that Job could span her waist with his thumb and finger when they were married. But she grew very fleshy late in life, with large arms, creases at the wrists, and the flesh at the ankles jutting over her shoes. Not tall, but very (page 101 large, and it troubled her to walk, especially in the heat of summer. I always regarded her as a very mature Christian. Even tempered, biblical, consistent.

Rev. James Harvey Pratt. This nephew also joined the Baptist church, graduated at Hamilton University, and entered the ministry. Sometime, perhaps in 1855, he labored faithfully and successfully with the Baptist church in Owego, until by overwork, he was compelled to omit public services for a long period, and rest. He married, went west, preached in many towns, and was at Dixon Ill. 10 years, and was remarkably blest. At a certain baptismal service in Rock River, while surrounded by a large congregation, and a crowd was upon an iron bridge, the structure suddenly gave way, many were precipitated into the river, and some 40 persons were drowned. This sudden and fearful catastrophe so affected him, I have heard he never entirely recovered from the shock. He subsequently went to Atlanta Iowa. But though in feeble health, he continued preaching, just as long as he had strength, and even when unable. It was one of his greatest trials, to give up his chosen (page102) and much-loved life-work. He preached his last sermon Jan. 7th and died Feb. 6th 1883, at Atlanta. I have authority for saying, that wherever he labored, 'all were his friends'. And through his influence many were brought to Christ. He left a widow and 7 children. All are helpful, and three of them are honorably helping themselves away from home. A son has a good position as bookkeeper, and two daughters are teaching. After the husband's death the family returned to Dixon, and among their former acquaintances, where they had formerly spent ten happy years, they occupy a few acres of land, and it is extremely gratifying, to know, that the family are diligently endeavoring to sustain themselves. In her management and success, it may well be said of such a widow, 'She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness.'

Philo Gilbert.

Concerning this brother, I have remarked somewhat, but not all I intended. I am necessarily ignorant respecting his early life. (page 103) I would like to know the time and circumstances of his marriage to Clarinda Smith, and of their location in Niles Cayuga Co. In their occasional visits in Galway, I always noticed their perpetual affliction. They came with their own conveyance, but he always carried her in his arms, to and from the wagon. She was a confirmed invalid, early in life. As for the cause of this nearly helpless condition, I am not informed, but my impression is, it was in consequence of measles.

Religiously, Philo sympathized with the Christian denomination, and I believe he was acknowledged as an exhorter among them. His voice was pleasant, soft, and clear, and well adapted to the soprano. He loved sacred music. In my boyhood, I used to notice, how familiar he was with hymns, usually employed in prayer and conference meetings. He used to occupy much of the time, in an evening hour, singing those sacred songs. And he seemed to feel the spirit of them, and I know the family enjoyed them. I felt confident, that those who knew him (page 104) best, must have the impression, that his was a familiar and happy style of religion. He was joyous. I think he meant to be known as a good man, sensible, conscientious, and consistent. At length he was called to part with her, with whom he had so long sympathized in their earthly pilgrimage. And though somewhat late in life, after a peaceful death of the beloved companion of his youth, he went to Galway, soon after this great bereavement, and married Eliza Beers, a member of the Presbyterian church, and one of my former schoolmates.

Some years later, they moved to Moravia, where he pretty much retired from business. When a few intervening years had passed, another dark shadow brooded over his pathway. Eliza was thrown from a carriage, and received a shock and injuries, from which she never recovered. After a year of pain and suffering this second companion and helper was laid aside. A correspondent has furnished the following testimony of his family physician. "She was(page 105) a woman very highly esteemed by those acquainted with her, and will be very much missed." In this brother's bereavement and loneliness, having at times brought up children of other families, and having none of his own to care for and comfort him, on Dec.23rd 1855 he chose Mrs. Maria Birdsall of Moravia, a well-known acquaintance, to occupy the position of his 2nd companion.

And so, gently and lovingly they journeyed on, hand in hand, along the declining path, until he, a weary and care-worn traveller entered into rest.

I have authority for saying, that this 3rd wife married again, and is again left a widow. For aught I know, she resided there still, and I hope she is prepared for higher joys than earth can yield, and patiently waiting the appointed time of her release.

David W. Gilbert. I have no record of the decease of father's first wife, or his marriage to the 2nd. But with 3 half orphan children under his care, it pleased him to choose Hannah Wheeler to take the position, from which Huldah Malory had been removed. This I doubt not was in Huntington, where also 2 sons were born, David W. and Cyrus. David's trade was carding wool, and coloring (page 106) and dressing cloth. In those times, it was the custom to rely mainly on domestic manufacture of cloth. He married Tirzah Phelps of Sempronius, of whom were born John Hiram, Eliza R., Harvey and Clarinda. While residing in Gilboa, I think he turned his attention to farming. After the death of Tirzah, he married Polly Bartley, of whom Catharine Maria was born. John H. grew up to manhood, became consumptive, and died in 1840. Eliza R. married Alonzo B. Cady of Moravia, migrated to Omro Wis. then to Portland Oregon, and then to Burlingame Kan. They had 3 sons and 2 daughters. My niece, Eliza died Aug. 14th 1885. She manifested great patience during years of feebleness and suffering, and welcomed her departure as only going home. Of Harvey Gilbert I have had but little knowledge. He and his wife visited us in Windsor. They also went to Omro. He has had 5 children. Emily married a Hill. She died, leaving 2 children. Mary was long an invalid, and died in Sept. '85. Ada is married and lives away. Hiram W. is married and canvassing for fruit trees. Lillie the youngest will be 17 years old Apr. 1st 1886, and is at home attending school. About 11 years ago, this (page 107) Harvey Gilbert, David's son, had a sunstroke that greatly injured his mind, and he is unable to provide for the family, and they are very poor.

Clarinda Gilbert, (David's daughter) lived many years with her uncle Philo, and I was acquainted with her while I was at Auburn. She married Hiram Birch, I suppose a widower. He was much older than she was. He was born Mar. 24th 1808, and she Apr.25th 1825. They also went to Omro. Mr. Birch died Nov. 10th 1885. In a letter to me, written in Feb. '86 she speaks of her son, Philo Birch, born May 22d 1849. They have a farm of 170 acres, raise horses, cattle, and hogs for market, and sell milk at the cheese factory. In a word, her letter in full, sounds like business.

Catharine Maria, (David's youngest) married John Cooney, in Gilboa N.Y. and had 2 children, a son and daughter. In 1870 her health was very poor, and she did not long continue, in all probability.

When this youngest daughter was some 3 years old, brother David and wife visited me at Union College, Schenectady, where her relatives resided. That was in 1837. And in 1839 he called on me at Auburn Seminary, and we went and visited Cyrus, in York, Livingston Co. (page 108)

HON. MILLARD FILMORE.

I wish here to narrate an incident, to illustrate how different the future of two men may be. I am sure I have it on good authority, that when a boy, Mr. Filmore was of the same occupation with my brother David, a carder, and clothier. At one time they both were employed at the same factory, David a journeyman, and Filmore an apprentice. There was a debating

club in the neighborhood, and the factory boys, with others, were interested in selecting questions, and studying them, and applying themselves in preparations for discussions, and that the boy Filmore was rather attractive in public debate. A lawyer of prominence in Auburn, (I think the name was Wood), heard favorably of the young man, and went and formed an acquaintance with him.

Filmore was then in his 19th year.

Wood discovered in him talents worthy of a better position. He gave him a situation in his office, furnished him with funds, and helped him forward with his preparation for the legal profession. His was kind assistance at the right time. In future, or years after, behold the result. And so, it often happens (page 109) in the history of men. One plods on, though at the present time superior to another in some things, and yet: one remains stationary, while the other advances step by step, on the road to eminence. My brother had a niche to fill, and I hope he filled it acceptably, but it was in a humble sphere, (though a neighbor who had long known him gave a good testimony of him, in announcing his death), yet, he was never more than a private citizen. Only a common man, and perhaps but little known in his adjoining town. While success speedily dawned upon the plans, and efforts, and aspirations of the other, until by an over-ruling Providence, he at length occupied the highest position in the gift of a free people. What other civil office on earth is more important, or more honorable, than that of President of the United States?

While the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of the United States was in session at Utica, in 1851, I well recollect the incident, when we were all introduced to President Filmore. And there was not a man but felt it a privilege to take our Chief Magistrate by the hand, neither could the incident seem trifling (page 110) nor soon to be forgotten.

Cyrus Gilbert. Of my two brothers, David and Cyrus, I have no definite recollection as young men. A very reasonable conclusion of both of them is, that they left the paternal roof at an early period.

The one to learn a trade, and the other as a man of all work, to be employed here and there among the people. When he began work for himself, the country was new. The inhabitants had made but a slight impression upon the surrounding forests, and the demand for labor must have been greater than the supply. Cyrus was muscular, and a great worker.

I think our family used to speak of him as a famous chopper. But there was another and very different work for him to achieve. Aside from all the peaceful enterprises that usually engage the attention, the noise of war was heard in the land. During that period, our nation was engaged in a second strife with England, the war of 1812. There was a call to arms, and a loud appeal to young men, for an exhibition of patriotism. That which the bravery of the fathers had secured by many a hard fought battle must now be retained and perpetuated by

their sons. And this brother as did many another (111 page) young man, enlisted in the army. The precise time of this incident is not easily determined. But most likely it was in 1813. For about that time, through the influence of the British and the Indians, there had been new encroachments upon the rights of our people at the West and Northwest, and a general alarm was sounded throughout all that section, and there was an earnest call for volunteers. But how long he was subjected to the privations, hardships, exposures and sufferings of camp-life, or when he returned, I do not know.

My personal recollections of this brother are very few. Only two visits with him. In 1839, my brother David called on me at Auburn Seminary, and gave me an earnest invitation to accompany him to York, Livingston Co. and make a surprise visit with brother Cyrus. After a journey of a day and a half, sometimes on snow, and sometimes on bare ground, and in the rain, our hearts were cheered by our safe arrival, having enjoyed, as best we could, less than an ordinarily pleasant sleigh-ride. At first, I was not recognized, not having seen each other, as he said, in more than 22 years. I think he never visited Galway after his marriage, which occurred (page 112) Dec. 17th 1815, and if he left in the previous spring, (which is altogether probable), it was nearly 24 years. I could not have been over 5 or 6 years old. When we met, he was nearly 47, and, to me, looked like quite an old man, with a family of 10 children, (besides 2 that died in infancy,) and probably some grandchildren. I used to think I remembered him as he went into the army, but that is not probable.

I always had an impression, that sometime while a boy, I saw him go up the road from my native home in Galway, and that I watched him intently, until he passed over the hill, and out of sight.

But now, I think it was not when that alarm was given, after Detroit was burnt, and Black Rock, and Buffalo, when many were rushing hastily to protect our frontiers, but later, and after he had returned from the war.

Whenever it was, that disappearing, is all I remember of him. Just that, and nothing more. We were with him at York, 3 days. The snow had disappeared, and I returned to Auburn by stage, through deep mud,(113 page) and left David to make his way back to Gilboa as best he could.

My second and last visit with Cyrus was in May 1856, at his home in Flint Mich. where he died in Feb. 1859.

Huldah (Gilbert) Russell.

I cannot omit a few reminiscences of a sister, who for many reasons was a dear sister to me. She was the first-born of all my mother's children. She was 10½ years older than I, and it pleased her to take a good deal of care of me. And as I had only one sister beside, (who was married and away before my birth,) what was more natural than that there should grow up an earnest mutual sympathy between us? She selected my name for me, dressed and amused me, and to me was second to none but

my dear mother.

But, not only in childhood, she greatly assisted me also in riper years. As a conscientious Christian, her instructions and example were very beneficial to me, during my early religious exercises, in 1829. And when others, one by one, left the old familiar homestead, she was the stay and support of my aged mother in (page114) in her declining years, and increasing feebleness. And when compelled to seek rooms elsewhere, her faithfulness and constant care over her in second childhood, in the absence of all her kindred, were manifested, till the last, and when the weary one lay down finally to rest, at the ripe age of 83 years, 7 mos. and 14 days, and take her long sleep, she was there to smoothe the dying pillow, and minister to her wants. And having performed her last kind offices, and witnessed the last tokens of respect for the dead, she turned away from the tomb, silently and alone, and comparatively among strangers.

And after a period of solitude, how wonderful the Providence, that directed her to my cheerful, that I might welcome her to the fellowship of the church under my pastorate! I was permitted to open my parlor to her, and see her, at the age of 55 yrs, join hands with a husband, with whom she could pass her days socially and usefully. He was not a church member, but an adherent, ad and a man of respectability. His first wife was an amiable Christian woman, still, I did know her particularly. But I was very happy to know of my sister's firmness, previous to their marriage. She thought they would need to remember Joshua's resolution, 'As for (page 115) me and my house, we will serve the Lord.' And although she was, and has been, thus far, a very diffident woman, it is a great consolation to me, that she immediately erected the family altar, and maintained it to the last. It was their daily custom to read the Divine Word alternately, and then kneel together at the throne of grace, while she voiced their thank-offerings and desires. And thus they walked. And thus she lived and labored, 2 yrs, 10 mos., and 20 days, which I doubt not were the happiest years of her life. And I humbly trust, that they never regretted their decision for God, and their labors in His Holy service.

Huldah lived a widow 12 yrs, and 20 days, and her affliction was evidently sanctified to her good. She appeared to increase in spirituality, was prompt in her attendance at Divine worship, and contributed socially to the interest of prayer-meetings. The same is evident also in her diligence in reading the sacred volume daily. According to a writing found in her Bible, she seems to have read it through, and again to Ps. 119 within a year. She was converted about the time that Rev. Asahel Nettleton's labors were so wonderfully blest in many sections of our country. He came into our county, but not into our(page 116) town. But a powerful religious impression pervaded the community. I am confident that she and Abijah were received into the Presbyterian Church on the same day in which 96 persons were admitted to its membership. I am not positive as to the precise time, but think it was in about the year 1821.

A single incident may illustrate her benevolence. I have heard it said, that when Mr. Russell made his will, he gave her the choice of a legacy of $500, or the right of dower. The dower would probably have yielded a much larger sum. But she thought it might have the appearance of avarice, and the heirs might have had unpleasant feelings toward her; and therefore she chose the legacy. With it she nearly or quite paid for a house and lot, and so, secured for herself a comfortable home. In her will, she gave the avails of her real estate to the American Bible Society. Thus, securing an independent home while she lived, and a perpetual donation to the cause of Christ and His kingdom which she loved, for many generations yet to come. Freely she had received, and (page 117) freely she gave. She had none for whom to provide, and I have ever been thankful for the personal property she gave me. And I would not have interfered with her prayerful convictions if I could.

"The memory of the just is blessed."

Abijah Gilbert. I have already referred to his ingenuity as a carpenter. I know there were many other developments of it, a few of which I venture to mention. He could make boots and shoes, coarse or fine, sewed or pegged. He readily manufactured such little implements as are usually found on the shoe-maker's bench, used in finishing off work. Slicking sticks. In carrying out his plans and labors, if he needed a turning lathe, he was independent. He could and would construct one that would answer the purpose. He did very good work, making chairs, chests, trunks, etc. Indeed he had quite a shop in the room over the wood-house, and there he would work in rainy days and at odd spells.

I recollect he had a very difficult job making hat-blocks. Hats were formerly made in small shops here and there throughout the country. A hatter in town, Mr. Boyd(118) wished some made. The hats then were bell-crowned. They were several inches larger at the top than at the bottom.

The hat must be formed and finished with the block within. But, the block being so much larger at the top, than bottom, were it out, how would you get it in? Or, once within, how would you get it out? Six pieces of wood, 5 for the crown, and one for the brim, constituted a block. One piece was prepared for one side of the hat, and another for the other side. Three pieces were prepared to go between these. One for the front, and another for the back-side of the hat, and then a third piece, tapering, to go between these, and press them apart. These 5 pieces were planed and fitted to each other, with the jointer, and then glued solid, as if one piece. Then, this block was turned in a lathe, sand-papered, and finished. Then this block was put in tepid water, until the glue slacked, when the 5 pieces were separated. The sixth piece was a piece of plank, constructed in the form of the brim of a hat. While the hat was in the rough, a sort of felt bag, the different pieces for the crown were properly adjusted within, and then placed upon the form(page119) for the brim, and the hat was worked down to its proper shape, and finished. Mr. Boyd was a tidy workman, and he wanted the blocks so perfectly polished,(to use his

own expression,) "that they would trip up a fly."

But I will not attempt to illustrate all the instances in which this brother evinced a talent for constructiveness. I regard him as the most ingenious of all the boys. Perhaps however some would be disposed to shake the head tauntingly, and exclaim, 'Jack at all trades, and master of none.' But after building his shops for making carriages, and sleighs etc., he seemed competent to employ different mechanics, and superintend the business. And he did boss the whole. The running gere, ironing, painting, striping, guilding, varnishing, and upholstering.

But, I must now speak of this brother as an invalid. He was a tall man. He had a large frame, and was healthy and strong in early life. But after attaining some 21 or 22 years, he was not as rugged as he looked to be. He was induced,(as were many young men at that time,) to work on the Erie canal. He went to Schenectady and found employment on a section. But working with the shovel steadily day after day, was no easy task. And I think (page120) the water, or the region was prejudicial to his health. For, soon after he left the Canal, he was sick, and billious, and finally came down with the fever and ague. He had an attack also of hemorrhage of the lungs. He doctored and managed in several different ways, but grew pale and feeble, and was considered for many years, as an invalid. Also there was some defect or weakness in his eyes, that occasioned the use of colored spectacles. At length, his friends elected him as one of the town constables, and he filled that office a long time, and did a good deal of business, and by riding in a two-wheeled sulky, he felt it a means of physical improvement. The motion of the carriage and exercise in the open air proved very beneficial to his health, and he so far recovered, as to accomplish much in many different ways, both in superintending the work of others, and in actual labor. He was far more of an invalid than any other member of the family, and yet he lived longer, probably 25 years longer than many supposed he would.

The oldest of the family, Marchant, died first, in his 71st year. and Abijah next, in his 51st. At the time of his death he resided in Milwaukee. I have no particular(page 121) information concerning his last illness, but my impression is that the disease that proved fatal was hemorrhage of the lungs. And indeed I am confident, that ever after his first sickness, his lungs were very sensitive. And whenever he was affected with a slight cold, he coughed and raised considerably. So that, during the last 25 years of his life, his lungs were in a delicate condition. Easily irritated by atmospheric changes.

A Parting Scene.

In the autumn of 1837, the time had arrived for me to leave my native region, for Auburn Theological Seminary. I had recently parted with students and college class-mates with whom I had associated very pleasantly for years. But I was under the necessity of leaving a feeble mother, nearly 73 yrs. old, also a brother and family, a beloved sister, and still another brother, Ezra and wife, who were soon to leave the land of their nativity not only, but their natal country and emigrate to Upper Canada.

And this last loomed up before me, and was the greatest trial yet. In all the separation from friends that (page 122) I had ever witnessed, this was the most trying to my feelings. The brother next older than I had been away 7 years. But Ezra and I had worked together after father's death, and he never had been away long at a time, andIhad been accustomed to meet him in vacations, but this looked like a final separation.

When the critical moment came, my feelings were greatly intensified. Overcome with emotion, we took each other by the hand. Standing for awhile speechless and sad, we burst into a flood of tears. This farewell grasp remained clenched for a moment, and then we parted in silence. Eighteen long years of separation intervened, and with but little correspondence, and our next interview was in Greene, when he and his family were on their journey from Canada to their new prospective home in Flint, Mich.

UNRECOGNIZED.

I have already referred to my visit with Cyrus in 1839. For a time he did not recognize me, and his explanation was, that we had not met in more than 22 yrs. But, as I have since ascertained, it was nearly 27 years. (page 123)

In 1856, I visited brother Anson, in Flint. Knocking at his door at an evening hour, I was received as a stranger, and conversed with him and his family, upon the ordinary topics of the day, some three quarters of an hour, UNKNOWN! UNRECOGNIZED!

What an indiscribable sensation I experienced! Forgotten by an own brother. And the one whose age was nearest to my own. We mated, and worked, and slept together; as did also the two older brothers, until we were young men.

I tried to realize, in that brief moment, something of Joseph's feelings, when he saw and recognized his brethren, but they knew him not. And yet, he and they had been separated but 20 yrs.

And need I wonder, that I was in the same predicament, since we had not met in more than 26 yrs???

But I had enjoyed the novel and strange position long enough. Time was too precious to be wasted for a little amusement, and I made myself known to him. I had never met (page 124)

any of his family before, and my pleasure was great indeed, to behold him, and his wife, and 3 children, and their number unbroken by death.

The impression of that interview is permanent, and unfading, although it occurred nearly 30 yrs ago. The interview lasted but a few days, and it was our last on earth. But the scene has been recalled a thousand times.

After journeying beyond the Mississippi River, visiting kindred, and viewing the country; on my return, in Milwaukee, I called on brother Abijah's widow and family. I knew it was nearly 9 yrs. since we parted, and as I reached them in a quiet evening hour,(the interview just narrated being fresh in mind,) why not try the same experiment again?

And so, as I recognized the daughters, and their younger brother, and as I was really studying geography practically, and in several different states, why not feign that I was soliciting pupils for a class in geography? So, when I was sufficiently satisfied that I had the advantage of them (page 125)

I said, "Is it possible that I am forgotten?" To which, Sarah, my sister-in-law exclaimed, "Hiram, is that you?" I immediately revealed myself to them, and enjoyed their glad surprise.

FOUR BROTHERS MEET.

Another incident worth mentioning, occurred during my journey West in 1856. Arriving at Flint City, I immediately walked to my nearest Brother Ezra's residence, and returned, in part, his visit with me in Greene the previous year. After tea, I walked a little farther, and surprised brother Anson as already narrated. The next morning I called on Brother Cyrus, whom I had not seen in 17 years, (and who scarcely knew me,) and we 3 went and helped Ezra move his household furniture to his own house, on a farm of 32 acres, which he had recently purchased for $35 per acre, at a cost of $1,120. And thus, how providentially! Three Brothers were permitted to meet and spend much of the day together, arranging Ezra's goods, and taking dinner with him. What a blessing I felt it to be, to behold each other's faces once more on earth! It would be utterly impossible to say, when 4 of my Father's (page 126) family had enjoyed a day together before. But that was the last time. Those 3 are dead. Also all the nine brothers and sisters older than myself.
All are laid in the tomb, "And I only am escaped alone to tell thee."

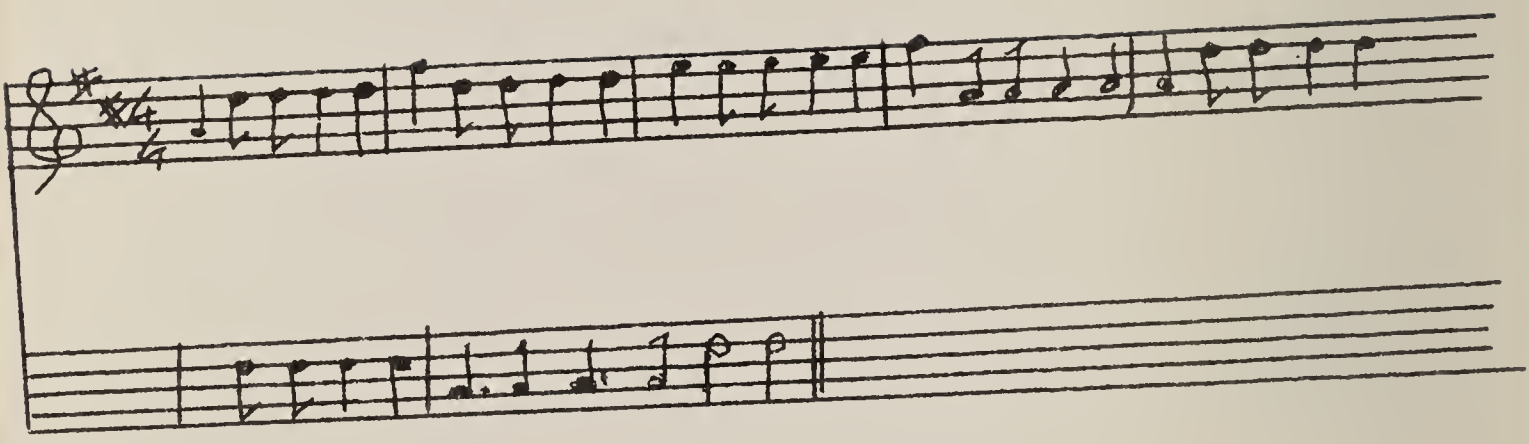
SUDDEN BEREAVEMENTS.

During my meditations, and while narrating these various incidents, I have been compelled to notice some very striking Providences. I do not know Lucy's age, but think she was 75 years old, or more. She was a person of small frame, but uncommonly fleshy. I have never had the particulars of her last illness, but a correspondent wrote, that she walked about the room the day before she died. A neighbor of David wrote me, that 'he was a member of the Reformed Dutch Church, and was present at church on his last Sabbath on earth. He went into his door-yard and fell dead.' I infer, of course, that it was while returning home from church. As I have stated, on my Father's dying day, he ate with the family in the morning, was more unwell than usual at noon, and expired about 7 o'clock in the evening. Sister Huldah was sick but a very few days. She caught (page127) cold while doing some kind act for an afflicted neighbor, and having neglected to do the right thing at the right time, she died after some 3 or 4 days.

I presume hers was a severe case of pneumonia. Four of those mentioned, died in 1850, Marchant, Ann, and Betsey, and in the brief space of 3 months, and Abijah only 7 months after. Four of the family, Philo, Lucy, Cyrus, and David died during one year and 15 days. I attended the funeral of but two, Father and Huldah, and was present when the last enemy came, in but a single instance. At the bed-side of my dying Father.

THE BUGLE CALL.

When I was very young, I remember to have seen a small army of men pass through my native neighborhood, and while on their westward. There was great alarm and excitement



throughout all western New York, after the Canadians and Indians had burned Black Rock, Detroit, and Buffalo. The inhabitants were stricken with terror, as far East as Auburn, and even in the eastern part of the State, many became greatly excited, and a large body of men were collected together and march through Saratoga County. I resided on the (page 128) direct route, the public thorough-fare between Saratoga Springs and Johnstown, and so on to Utica.

I have no means of determining the precise time, but think it must have been in 1812 or 13. For, soon after that, the war in the North-west came to a close. I remember looking down the East road, and seeing them come marching up. It was a great sight for me, to see men, and horses, and wagons with the equipage of war. It was indeed for me, a novel scene, never to be forgotten. And then, how it set me on tip-toe, to hear the shrill blasts of that bugle, or trumpet. I have only to think of the incident, even at this distant day, to almost hear its startling notes. Somehow, I seemed immediately to catch the inspiring theme, and it came to stay. And here it is, written down at this late day. (see attached slip of paper facsimile) I verily believe there has never been an hour since, when awake, when if required, I could not sing or whistle, or think over this short bit of a tune, although many other, vastly more important have had their full share of my patronage. It is often running through my head when I would (page 129) prefer to be otherwise employed. At the time the impression was made upon my musical organism, I see not how I could have been more than 3 or 4 years old. I have no idea of the number of men in that army, but I remember their errand, which was to re-enforce some western army. Perhaps their destination was Buffalo. I know this, the Army and the music made a deep and lasting impression on my mind.

LOVE FOR MUSIC AND MILITARY SCENES.

I have never been conscious of a time, when there was not in me an instinctive love for music. Whether it was vocal or instrumental, sacred or secular, there always has been a certain something in my being that demanded it, and by which I enjoyed it.

And particularly was it true of martial music. The soul-stirring music of the fife and drum always captivated me. And as such was uniform ly employed at military drills, and the various evolutions at trainings, the two became inseparably associated together. Hence, the charming influence of everything that pertained to military (page 130) parades, whether at company training, or general training. I felt a great interest in all such exercises. Whether it was a company of cavalry, or riflemen, or militia. The uniform and equipage of a soldier, and the accompanying music, arrested my attention, and displaced almost everything else. Company drills were frequently held in my native neighborhood. The Public House where they met not being 40 rods away. Sometimes it would be a company of cavalry, and I always loved to see them on horses, and with glittering uniform, and swords and pistols. At another time it was of Riflemen, or militia. But all foot-soldiers had drums and fifes, and they were attractive. I hardly knew which excited me most.

Therefore, when the announcement for the training was made, the intervening time seemed long. And when the

day arrived, I wanted to see the very first man on the ground. (We boys used to call them trainers.) I was not only interested to see all the transactions on (page 131) the occasion, but also to see the last man leave at night, and especially if he was so tired? that he could not stand unless he held on to something more reliable than himself. How well I remember the excitement which the dawn of the long-looked for day produced. How the thoughts of the occasion took away my appetite for breakfast, and made me about sick!

The very first note of the fife, accompanied with the soul-stirring taps of the drum just put me on tiptoe. And, is it any wonder, when in my teens, that I should be impatient to wait untill obliged to do military duty? It was easy for me to catch the tunes commonly played on such occasions, and it was a source of amusement, to sing or whistle them. And besides, Abijah blew the flute, and before my fingers would thoroughly cover the holes, I learned to play on it. And in my early years, I purchased a fife, and would spend a portion of an evening, out in the door-way, practicing what I knew. This I did when practicing on the high key, especially if it disturbed anyone, if I blew it in the house. I sometimes used a note-book, but I (page 132) had but little reference to printed music, and still, I managed to gather up a large number of tunes by rote, especially of those commonly used on parade. But I often practiced on the flute with a book. When however I became familiar with the instrument, flute or fife, I could play whatever I could sing, whistle or think over.

With a little instruction on the high-key (which is simply playing a tune an octave above the printed music,) I was soon able to blow in unison with others. And when I saw how much they seemed to enjoy it on parade, I was not satisfied with being a spectator, for I wanted to come nearer, and mingle with the crowd. I verily believe the music of a fife, a snare drum, and a base drum, afforded me as much pleasure then, as a Band with 20 pieces does now.

In those days,(not as now,) every able-bodied man, between the ages of 18 and 45, was required by law, to do military duty, or pay a fine. I was not amenable, (133) and the time to wait appeared long.

The ordinary State Militia,(or, as used to call them, the bare-footed rangers,) wore citizen's dress on parade, but were armed and equipped, with musket, cartridge-box and bayonet. But these appeared less attractive than enlisted companies, as Riflemen, Cavalry, or artillery,(though equally worthy,) and I chose to cast in my lot with the Riflemen.

The uniform of that company was a Scotch-plaid frock coat, trimmed with brass bell-buttons, fringe and braid. Pants, with black velvet, or braid on the outside seam. Also a tall leather bell-crowned cap, with eagle and green plume in front. Their equipage was a rifle, cartridge-box and belt. As another inducement, the militia were required to parade 2 days in each year, enlisted companies 3 days , but were excused after 15 years. I must confess, I did not care as much for the defence of our Government, as for having a good time. It was a pleasure. Is it any wonder, therefore, that I enlisted, even before the State required me to do

military duty, especially since I could fulfil as a musician? (page 134)

Here is a copy of my certificate of enlistment:

State of New York.

To all whom these presents may concern:

"I certify that Hiram W. Gilbert has this day enlisted in the Rifle Company under my command, in the 24th Regiment, and 51st Brigade of Infantry and is uniformed armed, and equipped, as the Law directs.

Saratoga County, Galway, Oct. 31st 1826."

"Hugh Alexander, Captain."

You observe here, the Blank which I copy was printed for the privates, but filled out for me, as a matter of convenience.

The understanding however was, that I was to blow the fife. I didn't care, I looked up, and took a long breath, and felt like a man. It was no hardship to train. I was in my element. And this, not only at Company drills, but also on 2 successive days for officers' drill, and then another day for General Parade each year. I consider(page 135) it a hardship? Not a bit of it. The more the better. At General training however, the musicians from all the Military companies were consolidated, and in a Band by themselves. All the fifers abreast, and so of the snare and bass drummers. Whoever was the leader, or musical director, would be very apt to place a man on the right who attended to his business, and would be ready to lead off with the tune, whenever the Colonel called for music. Do you wonder at it that I occupied that position? Or do you consider me vain, when I speak of it?

Subsequently, all the different companies of Riflemen throughout the Brigade resolved to consolidate, and form a separate Battalion. And after a little, I was notified, that I had been elected Fife-major of the Battalion. I was informed, that I had also been chosen to fill the same office in the old Militia Regiment. But I chose to accept of the compliment among my comrades the Riflemen. And is it any wonder? Was it not gratifying, to occupy that position in my youth? (page 136)

The following is a Copy of the Warrant given me as an Officer in the new Battlion. On the left hand upper corner, over the motto of the State, "Excelsior", is a combination in an engraving, the figure of Liberty, Justice, and the Banners, cannon, and mortar, spread eagle upon the world, shield, etc. "State of New York. To Mr. Hiram W. Gilbert: Greeting: You being appointed Fife-major of the Rifle Battalion attached the 51st Brigade, and 15th Division of Infantry of the Militia of the State of New York: I do therefore, by virtue of the power vested in me, grant you this warrant.

You are to obey the orders, which you shall, from time to time receive from your superior officers, and to discharge the duty of Fife-major, with fidelity, according to the laws and regulations established for the government and discipline of the Militia of this State.

Given under my hand at Luzerne, this 5th day of August A.D.1829. Reuben Wells. Major."

So much, and before I was 20 years of age. I attended punctually at times appointed, and tried to do my best on parade, even when I might possibly have been excused. There was a pleasure in it, which I know not how to describe. You may remember my mahogany cane. A Mr. Buck, (page 137) (one of Abijah's mechanics,) made it for me. That was my baton, used on parade, and while marching, in giving directions to the Band. More than 45 years ago, it was remounted, with ivory head, and silver ferrule lettered, while I was a student in Auburn Theological Seminary. But the original staff is there unchanged.

During my ambitious military years, this incident occurred.

A Drum-major was also appointed in the Battalion.

I understand, that the book of military tactics lays down rules, and gives directions, to Drum-majors only. Now, I did not wish to be rude, nor disrespectful, nor in any way disorderly. But when we commenced our field exercises, I noticed, (as is always the case,) that the fifers went ahead, and I went along with them, and took the lead. Alias; I was "musical director." I meant to stand for my right, which I did. I went before, and led them, and if they went before the drummers, 'all right.' I was there. And I suppose the Drum-major went with the drummers, and had a (page 138) supervision over them. We never quarrelled about it. I tried to do my duty, and presume he did. And if we differed about it, it was on Albert Barnes' plan, we "agreed to differ". And that is always peaceful. So that, in this way, I really took the command, and assumed the responsibility. I did feel a commendable pride in the position, and enjoyed it. And more, if my effort was unacceptable, it never came to my knowledge.

Now, so much about military. But in regards to war, I am not in favor of it, except for defence. But if we cannot have peace without fighting, then fight for it. Conquer a peace. I believe this sentiment was what animated our late great leader of the union armies. But to this day, I can no more get away from the musical and the military tendency, or sympathy there is in me, than I can get away from myself. I never walk alone very far,(6 days in a week,) without thinking of a tune, or keeping time with my feet. When my feet go, (as they have generally gone for 70 years by music) so they do still. (page 139) It is by music, either expressed or understood. I often wonder why it is, that I have these traits. I have never been in war, as many have. Nor seen a real Army. I have often seen a Regiment of men on parade, and sometimes quite a number of men were in Binghamton, drilling for actual service.

But I should like, (provided the occasion required it,) to look upon a Brigade of men thoroughly equipped and disciplined, and ready for action. There would be something so grand about it. I would associate with such a body of men, ability to put down rebellion, to protect the defenceless, and assure confidence in civil government,

I dislike the carnage of the battlefield, and would permit war, only as a dire necessity. The last resort with the disobedient. I am naturally cowardly, and desire peace. Then why does the inspiration for something martial abide with me? But since my mind was changed in regard to the great purpose of life, military affairs have not been as attractive as before, and partly because of their surroundings.(page 140) I noticed in my diary, the confusion attending parades, and the profaneness of the ungodly. Still, just for exercies, amusement, relief from care, for men to meet together, and march, and drill, as soldiers do, it appears to me would be far less objectionable, and much more useful, than the many sports that have become so fashionable of late years. But, the prominent desire of every one should be, that the Prince of Peace should bear rule over the Nations. When men shall be a law unto themselves, and there shall be no necessity for war, "neither shall they learn war any more." And yet, just the order, and the uniform, and the drill, and the music, and the marching and wheeling; there is something about it after all, that is grand, majestic, sublime.

PLAYING SOLDIER.

There was one peculiarity in me, when a boy, that I never recognized in another. It was what I choose to denominate playing soldier. Being the youngest of the family, I was often left to follow my own plans, and I learned a great many ways, in which I could amuse myself, and find (141last page) childish enjoyment alone. But one of the most common among them all was this military play. That is, it was easy for me, and it came sort of naturally for me, to pretend that little inanimate things were men, were military men. Almost anything was satisfactory. Acorns, or chestnuts would do. Apples, ears of corn, shoe-maker's lasts. Upon the floor in the chamber, I would get a large number of these, and imagine they were men. With them I would form company, make them march, and go through with a veriety of exercises. Single file, double file, and marching by platoons, and form line by succession of wheeling. And, if not called off, I would do this by the hour together. I did not easily tire of this form of play. Apples were first rate to represent footmen, whether officers or privates. But for cavalry soldiers on horses, I usually chose ears of corn. Or better still, father's lasts. He had a great number of them upstairs, large and small, sharp-toed, and round-toed. It sometimes surprises me even now, to think how absorbed I would get with such childish play. As I remember, no one ever taught me this, and I have no idea when I commenced it. It was perfectly innocent, exceedingly diverting, and kept me out of michief. It was far more congenial to me than the loud boisterous play of a lot of rude boys, as often irritating each other, as trying how to please. I never enjoyed wrestling. I feared I should be hurt, or tear my clothes. I never could see any good in knocking off hates, or playing rough and tumble. It was too apt to lead to angry looks, and hard words, and quarrelling. Or, if I could get by myself, in a hollow pine stump for instance, and sing Old Mear, and imagine myself leading a choir in a meeting, I was in my element. Running was always a great source of amusement for me, as well as a healthful exercise. I could run like a deer.

(back page of book.)

ALMANAC.

There is one relic which I have, that I prize very much. It is an Almanac made for the year 1809 the year in which I first saw the light. I look back upon the intervening years with amazement that I have been spared so long, while more than 2,000,000,000 of the human family have come upon the stage, acted their part, and made their exit. How wonderful the rapidity of time! How necessary to improve each hour! How valuable are all my opportunities!

OHIO.

I often recall the scenes of my childhood. During the most of that time, the spirit of migration spread far and wide over the eastern States. Much was said in favor of Ohio, then attracting enterprizing men within her borders. Ohio seemed as much the far west then, as California does now. We resided on one of the direct routes from much of New England to that new State. Men, with a strong team, and a commodious wagon, would take along their families, and many valuable articles, with their own private conveyance, regardless of the time spent, provided they saved money. Strong hoops were bent over the wagon, sustaining a white canvass, as a protection from storm, both for themselves, and their goods. Those hardy adventurous pioneers had bidden farewell to their kindred and native region, never expecting to return. And, as a mode of advertizing their fortitude, and to save all inquiry on the part of those which they passed, the word 'Ohio' was painted upon the canvass, in large black letters. It was a brief answer to many anticipated questions from hundreds by the way. It also saved the passers by from many annoyances.

FROM HIRAM GILBERT'S SECOND BOOK.

Launching a Ship.

On a beautiful October day in 1854, while we as a family were visiting friends in Derby Conn., we had the pleasure of witnessing a very novel scene. A ship had just been completed, on the bank of the Housatonic river, already prepared for service. It belonged to the small class of ships, but was considered rather of a large size. It would probably bear up a burden of some 400 tons.

The launching was really a magnificent sight, and very pleasing to every beholder. The ship was built upon timbers, and was so situated, that, by removing some blocks, it could easily be started down an inclined plane toward the water, while its sides were borne up on a sort of temporary rail-way, that guided and directed the craft in its progress into the river. And of course that was looked upon as a special privilege by those who had never before witnessed such a naval exhibition. At first, she gradually, and almost imperceptibly left her moorings, apparently hesitating, as if uncertain of her freedom, and then, with increasing alacrity, (p2) gliding away, and diving into the water; like as a huge bird, with outspread wings, from some tall tree-top, darts off into the air.

Samuel Scovill.

(page 2, 2nd Bk.)

Among the various incidents, I have noticed a good many concerning soldiers, & wars, & aged people, as might have been expected. In my younger days, it was always customary, at Fourth of July celebrations, to assign a prominent position in the procession & in the audience, to Revolutionary soldiers. It gave the young an opportunity of seeing honor done to the actual veterans of '76. And also it furnished the orator of the day with an inspiring theme. It was extremely gratifying, to see grey-headed Fathers & Grandfathers march into the church, & listen with peculiar interest, felt only by themselves. The famous Declaration of Independence furnished the key-note of the occasion. And how heartily the excited multitudes cheered amid the(page 3 2dB) the roar of cannon when those patriotic toasts were offered;& short, pithy, sentencious speeches were delivered at their after-dinner exercises! Fourth of July celebrations were full of meaning then. Men uttered sentiments that moved the soul of the people. We see now, however, that by far too much rum & powder was connected with those gatherings. But still, much of the true spirit of '76 was there. And, whatever else we have, may we never, on that day, consent to leave that out! But, many a more worthy & deep-seated patriotism than we have ever felt or witnessed, spread & abide throughout all our Nation. Even that soul-stirring sentiment, that is the out-come of purely christian civilization.

But, all those who laid themselves upon the altar of their country to gain our liberty, have passed away, & nearly all of their children. As I have already remarked--I once stood by, (& by no means as an indifferent spectator,) at the closing(p.4) scene of one of those old patriots, at the death-bed of my Father. I have also officiated once, & but once, at the funeral of one of those brave men.

While in Windsor, in 1851, I attended the funeral obsequies of Samuel Scovil, a Revolutionary soldier, whose life had been prolonged 97 years & 2 months. A man who fought to sustain the

Declaration of the Fathers of this Republic, & who lived to enjoy the precious results of those self-denying, & self-sacrificing efforts, three-score & fourteen years.

THE ROYAL GRANT.

The town of Salisbury, where my sister Lucy(Gilbert) Pratt resided, was in that part of Herkimer Co. called The Royal Grant.

This Grant always has been & still is a very fertile section, & specially adapted to dairy purposes. It lies a few miles East of the City of Utica, on the left bank of the Mohawk River, between the 2 creeks called the East & West Canada creeks, & extends back from the river 12 miles, being 12 miles square. But why is it thus named? I think the question is satisfactorily a(p.5,Bk.2) answered, by relating the following old anecdote concerning Sir Wm. Johnson & Joseph Brant. Sir Wm. was a very wealthy English-man, & owned a large territory of land. His residence was Johnstown, where he had a spacious mansion, & by his liberality & flattery, & frequent presents to the Indians, he obtained great influence over them, & over their chiefs, & really was a sort of autocrat over them, as well as over the Tories, in all the region. Joseph Brant was a noted chief among the Mohawk Indians, & a special favorite of Sir Wm. As a clever joke upon him, it is said, that Brant met him very pleasantly one day, when the following colloquy occurred; Brant, 'Sir Wm. me dream a dream last night.' To whom Sir Wm. replied; 'Ah! You dreamed? And what did you dream?'

B.'Oh? Me dream you gave me a nice new British uniform.'

Sir Wm. 'Well, Brant, if you dreamed it, you shall have it.'

Suffice it to say, not much time elapsed, before a beautiful British uniform was presented to Brant, & the much elated chief marched off with the dignity of a military hero.

(p.6.2nd Bk)

Soon however the tables were completely turned, & the two fast friends had another interview. Meeting & passing the usual familiar salutations; Sir William accosted him thus;

"Brant, I also have had a dream."

B. "You dream? And what you dream?"

Sir Wm. "Oh! I just dreamed, that you gave me for a calf pasture, that piece of land which lies between the two Canada Creeks, & 12 miles back from the river."

B. "Well, Sir Wm., If you dream it, you shall have it. But me no dream again."

THE BOOK OF MORMON.

On a certain occasion when visiting my Brother Marchant, a convention of clergymen were holding an evening session in the village, & I accepted of an invitation to attend.(My impression is, that they were called Unionists. But no matter.)

During their deliberations, the subject of the Latter Day Saints was broached,(rather incidentally), & the remarks of one of the speakers struck me with considerable interest. (p.7.Bk.2)

They are the following, or words to that effect. About the time when the first edition of Joe Smith's Book was published, the speaker was a printer's boy, & was employed at the office where that edition of the Mormon Bible was printed. Joe came in from time to time, handing over his manuscripts, purporting of course to be new revelations.

One day the boys in the office agreed to play a trick upon him, & test his gift of inspiration. So they laid aside one of his manuscripts, & gave him to understand, it was lost, & told him he would need to supply its place with another. Joe went away, self-possessed, as if conscious of his ability, & at length returned with a manuscript very different from the other. He explained himself to the printer, & authorized him to insert the following note in the introduction of the Book.

That, inasmuch as through the instigation of the Devil, one of his manuscripts had been stolen, in writing another to supply its place, the Holy Ghost had told him not to produce the same, lest his enemies should say, that the one lost was found again. (p.8 Bk.2)

Just as though a different copy would be evidence of his inspiration, although very inferior to the other. Whereas, if without the lost one, he had produced a 'fac simile', it would at least have have thrown a mystery about his performance, & some, no doubt, would have been more confident of his honest.

And the speaker assured his hearers, that such explanation was actually to be found in that introduction.

This reminds me of interviews I have had with those who knew Joe Smith personally. Many of his youthful years were spent in Colesville & Bainbridge, some 10 or 12 miles above Windsor on the Susquehanna valley.

On one occasion while going to mill, he lost a bag of grain out of his wagon, which some fellows having found, put it aside. Joe professed to have a mysterious stone into which he could look & see things. So they tauntingly bade him look in his stone & find it. But when they had bothered him to their hearts' content, they gave him his bag. He used to practice some kind of jugglery in violation of law, & I well remember Esqr Noble, before whom he had been brought, to answer for his offence.(p.9Bk2)

In May '82, I preached for the Baptist minister in Harpursville, & when we were on the way to a second service, in Centerville, a man showed me nearly where Joe Smith baptized some of his first converts.

He was well known, but not much respected, as a man of eccentricities, & of but little real common sense. He married a daughter of Ezra Hale of Lanesboro some 10 miles below Windsor. And they used to say, he spent a winter with his Father-in-law, transcribing the manuscript that fell into his hands, out of which finally came the Mormon Bible. But he professed to be translating from plates of gold.

A SPECIAL PROVIDENCE.

An incident occurred some years ago that impressed me deeply, & under the circumstances I cannot willingly omit it. My sister Huldah died on Wednesday morning, Apr.14,1869. A telegram was sent to Hinsdale, & came to Peru by mail, on Thursday. I had spent the day among the families of the congregation, & going from house to house, on foot, & often interrupted by snow.

When I returned to the school-house on the hill,(p.10Bk2) for the evening prayer-meeting, I learned of the telegram, & went immediately to the parsonage, & prepared hastily, & walked to Hinsdale, though already much fatigued, & found the walking uncomfortable.

I left Hinsdale at 3 A.M. Friday, & arrived in Binghamton in the afternoon. On Saturday morning,(although I understood the funeral was to be the day before,) yet, so great was my anxiety,

I designed to walk to Windsor, but the rain prevented. Waiting till 2 P.M. I went by stage. On the way, the driver said the funeral was postponed until Mrs. Russell's brother should come, or send a communication, & my heart rejoiced. When I arrived, how glad I was to be permitted to see the corpse, & to anticipate being present at the funeral! I was indeed thankful to God for the privilege. I learned that the friends met at the house on Saturday afternoon, held a brief service, viewed the corpse, closed the coffin, (reserving the sermon till the next day,) & were about to leave for the cemetery, when your Aunt Cordelia & a few others manifested anxiety to suspend the burial also.(p.11Bk2) Henry L. Sleeper went out o'doors & consulted with the men, who thought it best to bury, &, returning within, so reported. But his wife promptly said, that the ladies thought best to suspend the burial,& their counsel prevailed.

On the Lord's Day, Apr.18th the funeral was attended at the church, & no one was harmed. And although the weather was quite warm, nothing was offensive. I would not have been disappointed in not attending the funeral service, for anything. I did the best I could. No one was in fault.

I felt to thank God, who had so kindly arranged it in His own good Providence, that I might have the privilege,(although it was a mournful satisfaction) of viewing that face once more, upon which I had so often looked from infancy, & of attending the solemn & appropriate service.

ELIEL GILBERT.

I had scarcely begun to gather up facts & figures for my history, when I received a letter from Mrs. Melissa Moody, a daughter of Eliel Gilbert, of Poygan, Winnebago Co. Wis. She was his emanuensis, & wrote as dictated. It was a very gratifying surprise. I had known nothing of any such man, or family. And yet he had somehow heard, that I desired (p.12Bk.2) information concerning the 3 brothers, those pioneers of the Gilbert family who emigrated from England to America. He did not know but he could give me some light upon the subject, thinking one of them might have been one of his ancestors. He had heard his Grandfather say, he supposed he was a descendant of one of 3 brothers. I replied to him, & interrogated him. In his answer, I found he was acquainted with my nephew, Harvey Gilbert, of Omro, a son of my brother David. It seems, that Harvey had heard of my saying, or writing, that this branch of the family did not know where all the brothers settled. The amount of our correspondence is this: Eliel Gilbert, born Sept. 6th 1807, is the son of Benjamin, who was born Dec. 13th 1768,(& died in May 1862, at the advanced age of 94 years) who was the son of Henry, who was the son of Nathaniel. Here you have, (including Melissa,) the 6th generation. This implies 33x5- 165 years. And that refers you back to about 1720, when Nathaniel Gilbert was born. (p.13 Bk.2) But I make Eliel 58 years older than Melissa, & Benjamin 38 years older than Eliel. I have not the ages of Henry & the 2 Nathaniels, but I should infer, that the generations would average 40 years. Then we have 40X5-200 Or, 1885-200-1685 years, instead of 1720. They seem to have possessed great vitality,& to have attained to great longevity.

The remark in one of his letters is, 'This is as far back as we can go, if this will do you any good.'

I cannot however trace the connexion, from this limited view of his ancestry. If we are connected at all, (& very probably we are,) the branching off is farther back than we can go. We now belong to 2 distinct families. But they may have been one in A.D.1600. This Eliel, & his Father Benjamin migrated from west Brookfield Mass. to Wisconsin in 1853. Eliel's grandfather, Henry Gilbert, was in the Revolutionary war 5 years. In one engagement under Col. Morgan, 3 balls passed through his frock, & 1 ball hit his ear. This Col. Morgan is evidently the brave & efficient 'Gen. Morgan, whose rifle-corps became so renowned, & who gained the(p.14Bk2) victory, at the battle of the cowpens.' I should be pleased with a correspondence with a reliable Gilbert in West Brookfield. Who is he? How shall I get a postal card to him? Would it not be useful???

Is it not well, at this point, to pause a moment?

As one reflection, even with this partial survey of the genealogy & incidents of our family, there is abundant occasion for thanksgiving, on account of the Longevity of its members. My impression is, that our kindred in Connecticut were generally long-lived. And how has it been with our immediate family? My Father was over 77 years of age, Mother was over 83, & Marchant over 70. Lucy, as near as I can ascertain was 76. I do not know the age of Philo, or David, but venture to put each at 70 years. Cyrus lacked only 20 days of 67 years. Huldah was over 70, Abijah over 50, Ezra over 62, & Anson over 70. Their united ages are upwards of 765 years, which is an average of within a few months of 70 years.

A pretty good record surely!

And well is it with them, if all those years of vast opportunities & possibilities were rightly improved(p.15Bk2) And we know, that to whom much is given, from them much will be required.

As another characteristic among our branch of the Gilbert family, I have not known of any possessing a great amount of wealth, nor have they, with few exception been very poor.

But, what is better than either poverty or riches, they have usually proved themselves modest, unassuming, practical men. More distinguished for their good sense, & industry, & economy, than for a flourish, a dash, & a failure. I have never known one intemperate, profane, profligate, or notoriously vile among them.

I do remember one of that name, (I am not sure we could trace the relationship,) who kept a tavern between Johnstown & Salisbury, & I presume sold liquor. But then, that was a good many years ago, & not in these modern days of light. And besides, I understood he was in the Army of 1812, & such a mode of life will put more kinks into a man, than it will take out. (p.16 Bk.2)

There have been quite a number of ministers of the Gospel of the name. Rev. E.W.Gilbert D.D. of Philadelphia was much esteemed as a preacher & a pastor, & for many years, as the Permanent Clerk of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States. There is a large family in Gilbertsville, Otsego Co. that was doubtless from the same original stock in England, though imigrating

at a different time.

And who shall dispute our claim to the lineage of Sir Humphrey Gilbert, the great English navigator?

SMALL-POX.

Some 50 years ago, a very extraordinary incident occurred in my brother Anson's family. While his young wife was quietly nursing an infant, she had alarming symptoms of that fearful & loathsome disease, small-pox. What they dreaded however, they were soon compelled to realize. But, both Anson & his mother-in-law felt secure, having had the kine-pox pretty thoroughly in previous years. They resolved therefore to meet the emergency, &, by (p.17 Bk.2) the aid & counsel of the family physician, to care for, & nurse the patient. But, there was another object of solicitude. What should they do with the babe? He had already been as much exposed to the disease as he could well be. There need therefore to be no attempt to shield him from it, but what disposition should they make of him? Should he be allowed to nurse his mother, during the entire course of that disease, or, should he be immediately taken from her, & be brought up by hand? According to my best recollection of the letter in which these facts were communicated at the time, an appeal was made directly to the physician. His opinion was that, under the circumstances, for the child to continue to receive his nourishment from his Mother, would kill the child. On the other hand, what must have been the feelings of the Grandmother? For, granting that the child could be weaned, her fears were for the child's mother. For it would be next to impossible to manage her milk, without raising a fever, and thus endangering the Mother's life. In other words, to take away the child was to sacrifice the Mother.(p.18 Bk.2) What a sever test of their affection, of their wisdom, & of their calm decision! They were in a dilemma. Pursue either course, & they forbode evil. They dare not say which could best be spared, for great was their desire to preserve the life of both.

But the counsel of the Mother-in-law prevailed. The child continued nursing, through every stage of the disease, & grew up a healthy man. And if living, he must be now be some 50 years old. Query. Would such an one ever have the small-pox?

MENINGETIS.

As I write, Sarah narrates the following. While she was in Springfield, a lady of her acquaintance residing in Hartford, had a severe attack of spinal meningetis. At the same time she was nursing a young babe. Her friends knew that she had a special abhorrence of that disease, & had often expressed a conviction, that if she should ever be afflicted with it, she should not recover. They therefore deliberated among themselves, & kept from her the secret, the name of her disease. But, a very important question was before them, what they should do with her child?(p.19Bk.2) The Doctor said, if they took away the child, it would be the death of her. She might get well, if the child remained but it would kill the child. Or, if it lived, it would

dwarf it, or materially injure it. Of course, the friends wished to save the Mother, & they also very much disliked to lose, or spoil the child. But they did the best they knew for both, & the child continued nursing, & the Mother recovered. The lady's aunt told Sarah these facts that occurred some 3 years ago, & as far as she knows, both the Mother & her child are healthy. Neither had the friends discovered any evil results in him, in consequence of the terrible disease.

OLD GRANNY STOCKER.

One mile South of my native home, there resided two widows. A Mother & her daughter. To me, they both appeared to be old ladies. The Mother certainly was very aged. She was usually called Granny Stocker, but sometimes Granny Spicer. When referred to by either name however, no one could mistake, for everybody knew who was meant. The natural inference was, that she had had two husbands, & so might properly bear the name of either. I do not recollect of ever hearing her(p.20Bk2) maiden name, or her given name. Her daughter's name was Molly Pulling. But whether her maiden name was Stocker, or Spicer, I never knew. And she also evidently had had two husbands, inasmuch as she was the Mother of Rachel Williams, who was Brother Marchant's first wife. Years afterwards she became the second wife of Elijah Curtis, who must have been her third husband.

And so, by that union, she became the step-aunt to David & Cyrus, by taking the place of aunt Content,(Aunt Tenty) & therefore she became a sort of aunt Molly to us all. Now, these two old ladies had long kept house together, (previous to Molly's third marriage,) & had taken care of a small homestead, garden, etc. Being aided of course by those kind attentions that are usually shown toward dependent widows in country neighborhoods. I used to pass that way frequently, & see them busily employed about their premises, &, in pleasant weather, sometimes out of doors. To illustrate the (p21Bk2) stirring industry & sprightliness of the old grandmother, a single anecdote will be sufficient. The story was, some one, passing by, saw her intently engaged in chasing a flock of geese. (Probably greatly annoyed by her neighbors' fowls, & driving them from her lot.) Rapidly chasing them first one way, & then another, heading them off, as they turned this way and that. Those who are acquainted with geese, or pigs, know very well, that when they are in mischief, & you undertake to drive them out, they are quite apt to go right straight by the hole in the fence where they came in, just as though they were blind, or feigned themselves ignorant. So, those troublesome birds greatly perplexed the old lady, & caused her many steps in much weariness. And, through sympathy for her, the anxious observer said to her, 'It is too bad, for one so old as you are, to have so much trouble with the geese'. To which she very pertly replied, "Hugh! I aint only 96."

But after Molly's third marriage, Mr. Curtis took her, and her venerable Mother to his own home on the opposite side of the street, & not more than 30 rods away.(p.22Bk2)

Delighted with her new home, she still lived on, quite tall & straight, & with the deportment of many a lady of fifty.

She must have been about One Hundred years old,(& perhaps more,) when she carried in her arms from one room to another, her descendant of the fifth generation. That is, her great great grandson. That little one was my grand nephew, & Robbie's second cousin. He grew up to manhood, enlisted in the United States' Army, & died in the late war with Mexico, as I have already narrated.

But that Great Great Grandmother who had begun to witness her progeny of the fifth generation, still lived on, & in comfortable health. Yet she was gradually a little more feeble from year to year, until she finally died of old age. Literally worn out. Her system no longer required nourishing food. Nature's reserved forces were all spent.

And she expired as gently as tired infant falls asleep, &, at the more than extraordinary age of One Hundred & six or seven years. That was said by the community, & it was so believed & understood by all. (p.23 Bk.2)

I saw her occasionally, but heard of her more frequently, & for many years, & I was present at her funeral, on Apr.22nd 1831. Rev. Charles McCabe, a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church conducted the funeral services, & preached the sermon, from Mat.24:44 'Therefore, be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh.'

In my essay on visitation, I have written concerning Betsey (Gilbert) Miles, & Philo G. Miles, & George Miles. Now, the practical question is, What is George Miles to us? How related?

I am his grandmother's uncle, his Father's Great Uncle, & his own great great uncle, & he is my Great grand nephew. Or, Betsey & you are first cousins; Philo & Robert are second cousins; & George & Ronald are third cousins. You may also trace the genealogy of George back to the 6th generation. Thus, George is the son of Philo, which is the son of Betsey, which was the daughter of Rachel, which was the daughter of Molly, which was the daughter of Granny Stocker, which was George's great great great grandmother, which was born, A.D.1725, or 161 years ago. (p.24 Bk.2) Thus you perceive, that George Miles, & Ronald Bruce are third cousins of the fifth generation from my Father. Thus, 1st John, 2nd Marchant, 3rd Betsey, 4th Philo, 5th George. Or, 1st John, 2nd Hiram, 3rd Catharine, 4th Robert, 5th Ronald.

You are aware also, that I have been personally acquainted with both lines, with the following exceptions: In the first line, my acquaintance has been slight with Philo & George, & with the second line, with Ronald not at all.

My Father is great great grandfather to George Miles, & Ronald Bruce. And they also are his great great grandsons.

Finally. In this line you may go back to the seventh generation, since Ronald is the son of Robert, which is the son of Catharine, which is the daughter of Hiram, which is the son of John, which is the son of John, which is the son of Thomas, which was born in England, in about 1687.

After studying & copying much of the time since Nov.21st 1885, I am thankful to have been able to record so much on 166 pages. H.W.G. Binghamton N.Y. Mar.19: '86

(copied from books 1 & 2 by Charles H. Gilbert,his grandson. Finished Maine N.Y. Aug.14, 1954)

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APPENDIX A. TABLE OF THOMAS GILBERT DESCENDANTS

A. THOMAS GILBERT
child
JOHN GILBERT married SARAH MARCHANT
children

I. JOSIAH

II. ELIHU
daughter Betsey Ruth married Daniel Turner and had dau.Eliza

III. JOHN married 1st HULDAH MALLORY,1778;2nd HANNAH WHEELER, 1788; 3rd MARY WHITNEY, 1797.
children (by first wife)

1. Marchant 1779-1850, married 1st Rachel Williams; 2nd Ann Arrowsmith, 1786-1850. Dau. by first wife was Betsey 1806-1850 who married Stephen Miles, 1825 and had son Philo Gilbert Miles who married first Cornelia Thomas 1828-1851 and had son George Miles.
2. Lucy -1858 married Job Pratt.
children
a. Nathaniel -1869, married Almira ... and had Anna, Jas. M., Lucy A., Martha E. & Charles L.
b. Huldah Maria married George Ten Eyck and had James M., Henry B., William S., (George Ten Eyck married again after Huldah's death).
c. Reverend James Harvey Pratt -1833, m. .... and had Anna, Eliza, Charlie, Willie and Frankie.
3. and 4. Twins (died young)
5. Philo. -1858 married 1st Clarinda Smith, 2nd Eliza Beers 1834, died 1849; and 3rd Mrs. Maria Birdsall 1855. (his third wife survived him to marry again and to become a widow again).
6. Huldah died young.

children of John (by 2nd wife)

7. David Wheeler -1859, married 1st Tirzah Phelps who died in 1830 and 2nd Polly Bartley who died 1869.
children (by first wife)
a. John Hiram 1817-1840
b. Eliza B. - -1885 married Alonzo B. Cady and had 1845 Marian who married 1863 R.S. McLeran; Miles D. who married ... ...; Alice who married S.R. Spalding; Frank A. 1865 -
c. Harvey 1823- married ... ... and had Emily who married a Mr. Hill; Mary; Ada; Hiram W. and Lilli
d. Clarinda 1825-1845 who married Hiram Birch (died 1885) and had Philo Birch (1849-)
child (by second wife)
e. Catherine Maria married John Cooney and had son and daughter.
8. Cyrus 1792-1855 married Nancy Clark (1815-1876)
children:
a. Clarinda died young 1816.
b. Polly 1818-
c. Philo 1820- m. Martha A ..and had Jas.H., Flora D. &
d. Henry C. 1823 Phebe J.
e. James 1825
f. John M. 1827- m. Abby T. ...
g. Lucius 1830- m.Margaret ...
h. David W. 1833-1874

i. Martha 1836-1876
j. Betsey A. m. B. Dighton Eckler and had two sons and one daughter.
k. Andrew J.
l. William J.

children of John (by third wife)

9. Huldah 1798-1869 married in 1859 Leverett Russell.
10. Abijah 1800-1850 married 1833 Sally St. John 1833
children
a. Mary Jane married Waite and had Stella and infant.
b. James Howard died young.
c. Charlotte Ann
d. Benjamin Howard
11. Ezra 1804 - married Polly Curtis. Adopted two children, Wm. & Mary Johnston (Wm. married his "cousin" Ellen, dau. of Anson Gilbert)
12. Anson 1804 died young
13. Anson 1806 - married Judith Ann Garland 1833.
children
a. George H.
b. Ellen married Wm. adopted son of Ezra Gilbert / her uncle
c. Erastus
14. Hiram Whitney 1809 - married Catherine Eliza Pease
children
a. Mary Catherine (Kate) married O.B. Bruce
b. Samuel Eugene married Sarah E. Stowell and had Ernest Theodore, Donald F. and Charles H.
c. Charlotte Hortense

IV. LEMUEL

V. THOMAS

children

1. Phebe married Obed Olmstead and had Abby Jane, Polly Lorin Phebe Ann, and Lucius.
2. Amarillus unm.
3. Truman married and had Phebe who married a Mr. Hayes and had Fred (died young) and Frank who married Grace Watkins and had John Howard, Truman Davis and Lawrence Warner. Truman also had a dau. Sarah who married a Mr. Hamilton and had son Robert.

VI. JOEL

VII. ANNER married 1st Mr. Seeley and 2nd Mr. Curtis.

children (by first husband)

1. Silas married and had dau. Huldah who married first a Mr. Jeffords and 2nd Samuel W. Kinney. Had dau. by first husband who married.
2. Naomi married Mr. Leonard and had dau. who married Hector Beecher.

VIII. SARAH ANN

IX. AGUR

X. MARCHANT

Reference: "THE GILBERT FAMILY, descendants of Thomas Gilbert, 1582 (?) - 1659 of Mt. Wollaston (Braintree), Windsor, and Wethersfield" by Homer W. Brainard, Harold S. Gilbert and Clarence A. Torrey, distributed by A. C. Gilbert, Jr. of the A. C. Gilbert Co., P. O. Box 1610, New Haven 6, Connecticut.

(APPENDIX B.)

Innesota Cut-Over Lands in
Large or Small Tracts

Farm Lands City Property
Mineral Lands

B E N J A M I N H. G I L B E R T

107 Lumber Exchange

Minneapolis, Minn.
Feb. 20, 1912

Mr. Raymond H. Gilbert,
Lexington, Ky.

Dear Grandson:

Your interesting letter of Jan. 31, was duly received. I am pleased to hear you are on the right track to obtain a good education and I wish you success. I am somewhat proud of the letter I received from you, The stenographic work was so well done I shall preserve it. We had some very cold weather in January. February so far, has been mild and pleasant.

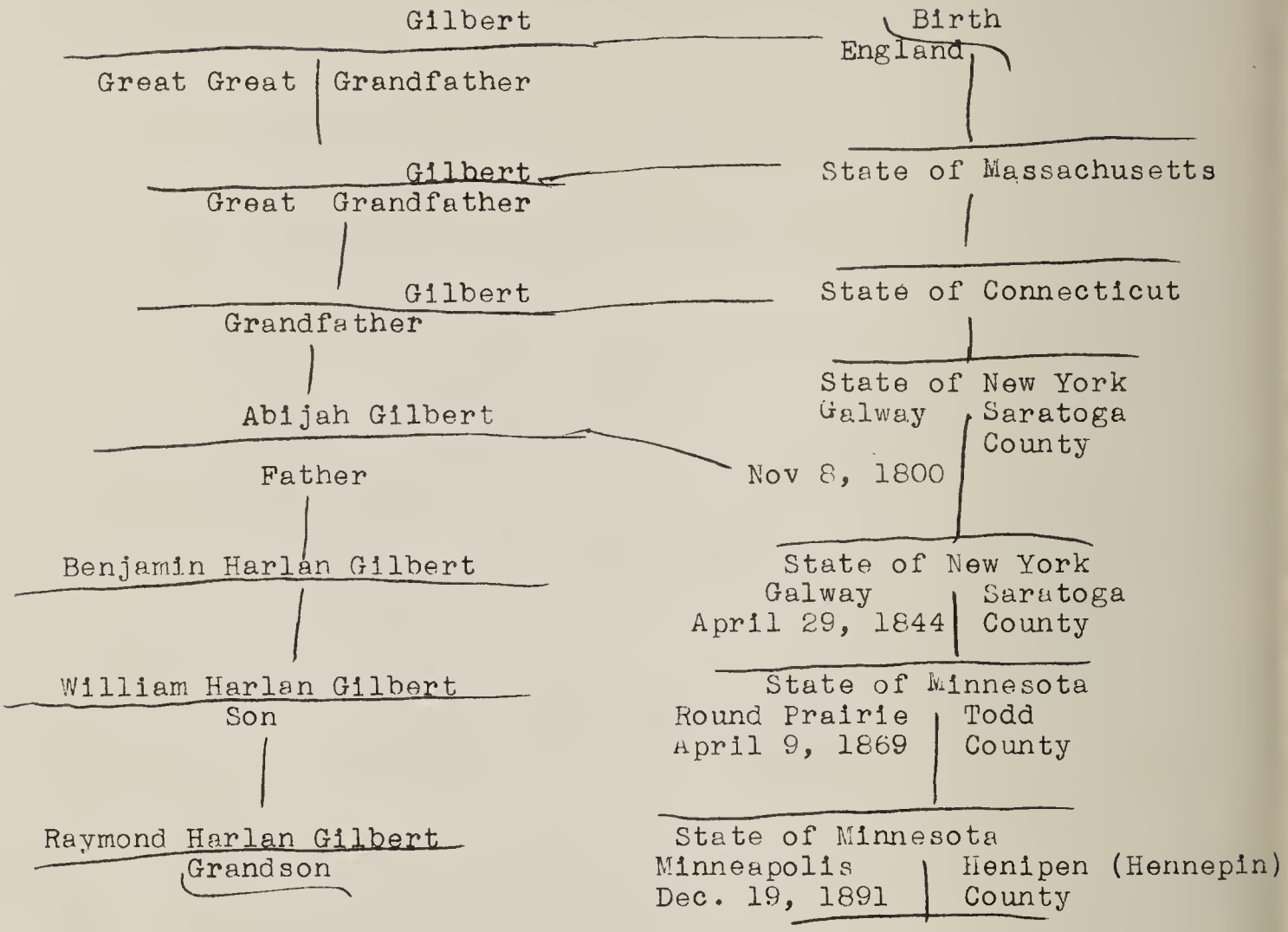
In answer to your inquiry will say that my great Grandfather was born in the State of Massachusetts. My Grandfather was born in Connecticut. He was a soldier during most of the Revolutionary war. After its close, that is shortly after, in 1785 He purchased a tract of land for a farm in the Town of Galway, Saratoga County, N.Y. My Father was born on this farm Nov. 8th, 1800.

I was born on this same farm April 29, 1844. My parents moved to Milwaukee, Wis. in the spring of 1847. My Father died in November, 1850, cause of death pneumonia. I left Milwaukee in 1858 residing two years in Barton Barton County, Wis. I came to Minnesota in 1860.

My great great Grandfather and two brothers came from England and settled near Boston. Prof. Gilbert may be related to one of the brothers and may not be, I cannot tell. I forgot to mention that my father's name was Abijah Gilbert. There was a large family as your father has told you, only one girl among them. She died in 1868 or 9. I had a Uncle, Hiram Gilbert who was a Presbyterian Minister at Binghamton, N.Y. for many years; another named Philo, and one named Marchant, and one Nathaniel. This is all I can remember. I am not feeling very well and have written this in a hurry. Hope you can read it.

Lovingly from

Grandpa



I cannot give you further information than recorded above as I have not
e names or dates or place of birth of the first three on this list. The
cord I had was in a small box of books which disappeared from our house in
85 when Grandma and I were visiting in Illinois.

Grandpa.

(APPENDIX C.)

Maine N.Y.
Thurs. Aug. 30, 1951

Dear Cousin Harlen and all,

Your good letter came the other day and now I can have something really worth while to write.

First of all let me thank you for the pictures you took of us. Not too bad considering the subjects!

On Tuesday Aug. 14 we left home to take Dorothy to her sailing. We spent the first 3 nights at White Plains with Ruth's niece Ruth Ming. Friday we went into New York. In the afternoon of the 17th after Dorothy had been thoroughly processed she and another missionary came with us to Hoboken, ate supper and then drove to pier where Veendam was waiting. We went on board about 7 and stayed until nearly 8. Then the ship pulled out and the last we saw of her she was a tiny waving speck. It was a great experience. Yesterday morning we got a brief wire from Rotterdam saying wonderful news: "Arrived safely". Now we look for airmail letter.

We spent 3 days and nights with my cousin Rev. Philip Watters in N.Y. down in Greenwich Village. A most interesting section. Saw quite a good deal of N.Y. Heard my cousin preach on Sunday.

That week then we drove north, stopping at Greenwich above Troy over night visiting a friend there. Next day to Galway! Found the corner and visited Springer and roamed about. I'm inclined to think one long old building on the north-and-south road was the original wagon shop as noted on grandfather's sketch. Had big hewn timbers in it. The old road as indicated on the map is still there, but subject to oblivion with the increasing use of the new one. They told me the new one has only been built about 4 years. I took some pictures, but they are not off the camera yet.

We roamed through the cemetery and Ruth spotted the stones we wanted to see. Ruth noted the location and wrote down the following so if you ever go there again:

Go through the gate nearest the barn, up the knoll, 9th row from the stone fence on slant past Jansen modern monument.

I made note a little differently as follows: Go through gate by the barn, walk 11 paces north(to the right) and turn left(west) and go 40 paces.

Anyway, there is the tall stone facing west marked as follows:

In memory of
John Gilbert who died Nov. 22, 1829
in the 74th year of his age.

When will that glorious morning rise,
When shall the Trumpet sound,
And call the nations to the skies
From underneath the ground.

(Generally there would be no disagreement with information

found on a grave stone; but all other information I have puts John's birth as 1752 which would make his death in the 77th year of his age instead of the 74th as on the stone. I think we'll have to chalk up an error against the tombstone maker!)

Then separated from his stone by what at first looked like a grave width but later appeared to us to be a path from the stone wall up to that point was the stone marked:

Mary, wife of John Gilbert
died June 14, 1848, in her 84, year.

Then to the north of these stone in the same row was a stone marked:

James Howard, son of Abijah & Sarah Gilbert
died Nov. 18, 1835, age 2 mo, & 18 days.

Sleep on angel babe and take thy rest,
God called thee home
He thought it best.
Here I will come and this shall tell
Where my dear infant lies
For God will soothe my aching heart
And dry my weeping eyes.

This is all the James Howard listed in Hiram's book but alongside is another stone marked as follows:

James Howard 2
Son of Abijah & Sarah Gilbert,
died Jan. 6, 1839, age 7 mo & 20 days.

Short pain, short grief,
Dearest babe was thine,
Now days eternal and divine.

So there was another great-great uncle you didn't know you had!

When we get all our pictures organized and the rest out of the cameras we'll send you some.

Last Saturday we took another trip in the interest of our ancesters. This time to gather material for a story of Hiram's life. I wanted to complete my date picture of his ministry. We drove first to Greene N.Y. and talked with the Congregational minister who showed me church records. I found quite a bit of material there. My father was born while Hiram was pastor there. Then we drove to Windson N.Y and talked with the church records clerk and got some more information. That was grandfather's first parish and he was ordained there. The churches which had been divided over slavery united together during his pastorate.

I forgot to say also that in another part of the Galway cemetery was a stone marked

MOTHER
Mary Gilbert
1877-1903

I inquired about that of Mr. Springer and he told me she was his aunt. She was Mary Springer Gilbert. But he didn't know who her Gilbert husband was, thought he must have died early. He told me she had a son William Gilbert who lives on State Street, Schenectady N.Y. Also a daughter who is Mrs. Catherine Gilbert Van Patten and lives on Sacondaga Road, Scotia N.Y. I suppose one could write even to such incomplete addresses and find out more information about what line that was.

Well some of these days I'll get together what I can of grandfather Hiram's life and see if I can write it up. I think the date gaps are pretty well filled. I am more fortunate than some regarding the forebears, for I have the Gilbert line way back quite complete. Also the Pease and Chapins, and a line through them also back to Gov. Bradford. And on my mother's side there is a quite complete Stowell line and I think there is a partial Watkins and Frissell line joining in. A new member of the Stowell descendants was born the week we were in N.Y. and we saw him. John Randolph Hixson, son of Jos. and Dorothy Watters Hixson, daughter of Philip and Grace Watters, Philip was son of Ada Stowell Watters, daughter of Austin and Hyla Stowell, Austin was son of Franklin Stowell.

Catherine and I think we would like also to make one of those wheel charts of our lines. That would get it before us. But there are so many things to be done for her to be ready for school next Wednesday.

Think this will be long enough letter for this time.

Sincerely yours

Charles F. Gilbert

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